Loyal Poems
AND
SATYRS
Upon the TIMES,
Since the beginning of the
Salamanca Plot,
Written by several Hands.

Collected by *M. T.*

Absolom *and* Achitophel.

Plots true or false are necessary things
To set up Common-Wealths, and Ruin Kings.

LONDON,
Printed for *John Smith* Bookseller in *Russel-Street*
near *Covent-Garden*, 1685.

To the most Illustrious, most Honourable Remost Loyal,

Loyal Poems

AND

SATYRS

Upon the TIMES,

Since the beginning of the

Salamanca Plot.

Written by several Hands.

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Pathene Ex falso [illegible] Rights

To [illegible] Commons [illegible] and [illegible] Kingdoms the

Foundation of the Illustrious Statutes, [illegible]

Pathene [illegible] Liberty began to [illegible]

Printed for John Smith Bookseller at [illegible]

near Cornwall [illegible]

To the most Illustrious, most Honourable, & most Loyal,

THE

LORDS and GENTLEMEN

OF THE

Loyal Club,

At the *Dog* in *Drury-Lane*.

Most Honourable, and most Loyal,

THis *Collection of LOYAL POEMS rescu'd from the Flames (when our Ilium was almost a second time on Fire) present themselves an humble Offering at your Feet. It is the Poets Loyalty and Religion, asserting those Rights with their Pens, which you have avouch'd to maintain with your Swords; The Defence of which was the first Foundation of this Illustrious Society. A most Noble Institution, and destin'd to as glorious ends, When Factious Caballs began to prevail, and Rebellion under the disguise of Liberty began to invade or*

the Prerogative, then was't the Royal Party began to meet with generous Resolution, and stood up as one Man for the Interest of the Crown and Government. When Absolom *had Conspir'd with* Achitophel *against the envy'd Life and Peaceful Reign of Injur'd* David, *what less could engage in his Defence than the Princes and Chiefs of* Israel? *This was that Royal Assembly which like you kept the Aspiring Rebells in awe, and the Monarch against all their Conspiracies safe upon his Throne. Where then can these Innocent Loyal Truths rather fly for Protection, than to You the most Eminent Patrons of Truth and Loyalty?*

I fear it will be counted Arogance in me to devote so mean a Trifle to the whole Body Politick, the least Member of which is worthy of a far Richer Oblation, but our whole Artillery being level'd against the Factions, what Hercules *Arm can guard me against the Multitude? Against the Imps of Rebellion, there is no Power to invoke, but the Sons of Loyalty, nor a Spell against the Witchcraft of the Murmuring Cabals, but the Musical Charms of the ROYAL CLUB. That Club so nobly founded, and so amicably carry'd on with unanimity of Heart and Voice for the long Life and Preservation of his Majesty and Loyal Brother in the Lawful Succession against all Opposers.*

I dare not venture after the manner of Dedications to enter on Encomium, or Launce out into the boundless praise of so many Illustrious and Eminent Heroes, the meanest of whom is a Theme sufficient for the most Celebrated Pen; but being threatned before on the like

oc-

occasion (for my Collection of Loyal Songs Dedicated to his R. Highness) I only implore your gracious Protection, and acceptance, that under that Influence being guarded from all the Treacherous Assaults of my Enemies, Whigs and Trimmers, I may walk abroad in safety under the Character of

Your Honours

Most Obedient, and

Most Devoted

Humble Servant,

Mat. Taubman.

THE

THE Loyal Club.

HAil, *Royal Synod!* Sons of Loyalty: [gree:
That *Parliament* whose *Hearts* and *Tongues* a-
With one consent the *Loyal Health* goes round,
And Universal Harmony is found:
The *Crowns* Defence, the Beauty of the *Field*,
The *Peoples Safe-guard*, and the *Prince's Shield*:
The *Pride* oth' *Court*, the *Glory* of the *Camp*,
The *Sterling Ore* that bears the *Royal Stamp*:
That *Touch-stone* where no *Counterfeit* can pass,
But soon discovers all its *secret Brass*;
Trimmer and *Whig*, like *Copper* fac'd with *Tin*,
Currant without, and *Counterfeit* within;
The *Bitt* and *Bridle* of the *Factious Bands*,
That checks their stubborn Necks, and binds their [Hands:
The *Rebels Dread* and *Fear*, that gives them *Law*;
The *Rabbles Curb*, that keeps the *Beast* in awe.

Whilst every night You your bright beams display,
The *Factions*, like *gross Vapours*, waste away.
YOU, like the *Stars*, fix'd constant to your *Sphere*,
To *CHARLES his Wain* pay Homage all the year;
Whil'st

Whil'ſt *Whig-Cabals*, like *Exhalations* drawn
From all the poyſnous *Treaſon-Sinks* in Town,
From their aſpiring *Heights* come tumbling down;
The groſſer *Bubbles* mounting up too far,
Like *Light'ning* fall, ſhot from an angry *Star*.
No *Whig* nor *Trimmer* can inhabit there;
They're Exhalations cannot reach *Your Sphere*.
Thoſe *Wills i'th' Wiſp* that lead Men from the Road,
To ſee a Sun more bright, revile their God:
The Sun which gave them Being they diſ-own;
And fall to Earth, who cannot mount his Throne.
When ere that *Fiery-Comet* does appear
Within the Center of our *Hemiſphere*,
The Fate-portending *Tail* does ſtill pronounce,
The fall of Kingdoms and the date of Crowns.
That Monſtrous Tyrant with his *Gorgon* face,
Whoſe looks are Death, this late had been our Caſe,
Had not the LOYAL CLUB retriev'd our Fate,
And ſtood the *Atlas* of the *Throne* and *State*.
That *Throne* Heaven guard, and HIM that ſits thereon,
And YOU, next Heaven, the *Pillars* of that Throne:
May *Loyalty* with Friendſhip link for ever,
No Tyrants force that *Gordian Knot* diſſever.
May never *Diſcord* in this CLUB be found,
But *Ecchoing Huzza's* from th' *Skies* rebound,
And ev'ry Glaſs with *Cæſar's* Health be crown'd.

THE

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THE
Poets Addreſs
TO THE
KING.

THO Scribling Factions are ſo ſawcy grown,
To dart curſt Libels at your Sacred Throne,
To ſtrive to pre-depoſe your Royal Heirs,
And ſeek your Life who frankly gave them theirs,
Yet (Mighty Sir) the Poets are your own,
Their Lives and Pens (for Fortunes they have none)
Reaſon, and Wit are faithful to their Prince,
Nay he that Writes againſt you can't Write Senſe,
The Sacred *Nine* Elected you Supreme,
And Swore Allegiance to your Diadem;
And all the Jobbers of the Rhiming Crew
Are Rebels e'en to them when ſo to You.

Th' Old Loyal Bloud when your kind Beams with-(drew,
Unmurmuring Slept till they return'd anew;
Then (like the Luſt of Plants) its Automs ſtrong
To deck th' old Branches, & to ſhoot forth young.

Weſtminſter was an Autumn to our Lays,
But th' *Oxford* Nipping Spring had kill'd our Bays,
Had not your Mercy and Diſſolving Skill
Stopt both their Doing, and our Suffering Ill.
Had we th' Heſperian Fruit, you ſhou'd not pull,
We'd freely drop you a whole Checquer full,
(But equal Heaven has given it to the Dull.)
Wit by Camelion Nouriſhment conceives,
And was Decreed only to put forth Leaves.

Hail (Sacred Sir) altho we have no Banks
Yet we can pay (what none can give You) thanks
Thanks for the Numerous Bleſſings which you ſhed
Like the Impartial Sun on every Head.
Thanks for the Factious Deluge you put by,
And thanks for th' humble ſtoop to tell us why
But thanks above all thinking for your Care
To ſtop that Tap which wou'd have drown'd you
(Hei

Illuſtrious *James* thou cou'dſt not bear ſuch thing
Wert thou not Son and Brother to ſuch Kings;
How cou'd we think from Juſtice thou ſhou'dſt fl
A Land which does it to their King deny?

The Sh'riffs of late ſuch Naturaliſts are grown
They'l turn no ſtreams back to the Fountain, Thron
And thoſe grand Jews that *Ignoramus* bring
For *Barabbas* wou'd Crucifie their King.

Th

The *Poliſh* Prince is Charm'd, he ſcorns weak Buff,
His Conſcience of Impenitrable ſtuff
Arms the ſmall Patriot, Plot, and Witneſs Proof;
'Tis ſuch a Knot as wants the *Gordian* Knife,
For ſome Conſpire his Death, and ſome his Life,
And Nineteen Unbelievers Damn to Save
That Head ſo lately Deſtin'd to a Grave.

Once more Hail Sacred Monarch, may kind Stars
Proſper your Peace, and Guard you in your Wars.
Let God ariſe, who your Avenger is,
And Scatter both Your Enemies and His;
May Heav'n attend your Councils and Diſpoſe
Succeſs to all that's Yours except your Foes.

Long may you Rule this Iſland with your Nod,
And let the ſtubborn feel your angry Rod,
Exceed your Father, and be like Your God.

The Excellency of MONARCHY.

A Panegyrick.

I.

IF wanting wings one may aſcend the Skys,
And *Phœbus* view without an Eagles Eyes,
Then rouſe up,(Muſe) from thy Lethargick ſtrains,
And having firſt invok'd the God of brains,
Let the grand Subject of thy Meaſures be,
No rule to *England* like a Monarchy.

II.

It is the Image of that Domination,
By which *Jehova* rules the whole Creation.
Angels nor Saints do in his Kingdom ſhare,
God is ſole Monarch, they but Subjects are,
Whoſe Laws are ſuch as when they did Rebell,
Sequeſter'd not, but ſent 'em ſtraight to Hell.

III.

As old as that paternal Soveraignty,
God plac'd in *Adam*, Rul'd his People by,
Diſown'd by none, but them whoſe minds aſpire,
And Envy One ſhou'd have what All deſire,

For

For be't a Few or Many we live under,
Such ſhall Repine, ſtill whilſt not of the Number.

IV.

The Ancients did a Monarchy prefer,
Made all their Gods Submit to *Jupiter*,
And (where Affairs, and Nations firſt began)
Princes Decrees were th' only Laws of Man.
Experience will avow it where ther's Any,
One Honeſt Man is ſooner found then Many.

V.

The Rational Soul performs a Princes Part,
She rules the Body by Monarchick Art,
Poor Cranes and little Bees with ſhivering Wings,
Obſerve their Leaders and obey their Kings.
Nature her ſelf diſdains a crowded Throne,
The Body's Monſtrous, has more Heads then (One.

VI.

A Monarchy's that Politick ſimple State,
Conſiſts in Unity (Inſeprate,
Pure and Intire) A Government that ſtands,
When others fall, touch'd but with Levelling hands.
So natural and with ſuch skill Endu'd,
It makes one Body of a Multitude.

VII.

In order wherein later things Depend,
On former, that's moſt perfect doth Attend
On Unity: But this can never be,
The Pop'lar ſtate nor *Ariſtocraſy*:
For where, or All, or Many bear the ſway,
Such Order to Confuſion leads the Way.

A Mo-

VIII.

A Monarchy more quickly doth attain
The end propos'd, for tis the single Brain
That ripens Councel, and Concealeth best
Princely designs, 'tis deeds proclaim em blest.
Whilst numerous Heads are rarely of one Mind,
Slow in their Motion, louder then the Wind.

IX.

Treason nor Fear so suddenly divides
Th' united strength that in a Crown resides:
Sedition prospers not, it seldom here,
Results the Object of a Prince's fear.
Then when an Empire *Rome* was nere so strong,
Nor Triumph'd under other Rule so long.

X.

A Monarchy abates those Feverish fits,
Of Emulation, a free state begets;
A Prince cannot his Reins so quickly slack,
Or throw his burthen on anothers back:
But where so many Rulers have Command,
The works Transfer'd, and tost from Hand to (Hand.

XI.

The People or the Nobles to Debate
The deep Concernments of a troubled state,
Set Times and Places have assign'd them, they
First Meet, and then Adjourn from Day to Day.
Whereas a Monarch who by Natures one,
Dekberat's allways, never's off his Throne.

On His

Majesties Recovery

A T

WINDSOR.

I.

(Kings Reign,
THanks High and Mighty one by whom
We now return unto our selves again,
The Head affected cou'd the Members all
Lye otherwise then Apoplectical?
So when a Spring Head has not passage clear,
The Brooks subside, and Gasping Fish appear.

II.

WINDSOR whose lofty Top Mounts to the Sky,
WINDSOR that Writers do so Magnifie?
How had thy name sneak'd under ground and fail'd
Had the Blood-thirsty-Traytor PLOT prevail'd?
Or had so good a Prince by Nature dy'd,
Nature and Thou (as guilty) had been Try'd.

III.

In thee too long for shame without a Tomb.
The best of Kings lay after Martyrdom,

Regardleſly full Thirty Years were ſpent,
'Twas well his Vertues ſtood his Monument,
Whence let Contrivers do well or amiſs,
MOUSOLUS never had the like to His.

IV.

His Sacred Urn diſturb'd who cou'd have heard,
Without Convulſive Fits what good Men fear'd?
The Perfume of whoſe Aſhes clear'd the Air,
More then *Arabian* Spices cou'd by far,
So that the Paroxiſm had Remedy,
Not from dull Phiſick, but by Sympathy.

V.

Ask the Phyſician what an Ague means,
He'l talk of Ebollition in the Veins,
Ferment and Circulation ſtopt, and Chat,
What Baker knows, and Brewer from his Fat,
Take him aſide and ſmile him in the Face,
Indeed quoth he, an Agu's our Diſgrace.

VI.

And ſo it had been with a Witneſs ſure,
Had Providence not found a Soveraign Cure,
That Providence that ſlumbers not nor ſleeps,
But his Anoynted ſtill in Safety keeps,
Vouchſafeing Combinations to Reveal,
When the Foundation's laid as deep as Hell.

VII.

Whether the Breathing of a Vain gave eaſe,
And did the Preternatural Heat appeaſe,
In Royal Blood (whoſe Spirits are ſo fine,
They of themſelves might to give eaſe incline)

We argue not, but I dare promiſe it,
'Twas not the Jeſuits Powder checkd the fit.

VIII.

Summon Apothecaries, let them tell
How oft our Oaken Bark for it they ſell,
And this as well as that has prov'd a ſpell.
Sacred to *Jove*, how cou'd her Boughs do leſs,
Then yield a MONARCH ſhelter in diſtreſs?
For which the Powers above we ever bleſs.

IX.

There lyes our Fort, our Rock of firm Defence,
'Gainſt Forreign and Domeſtick Violence,
Thoſe ſignal Demonſtrations have been given,
Of Preſervation (Maugre ſpite) from Heaven,
Prove *CHARLES* on Earth Immortal whoſe Re-
May it be late, then let him Reign above. (move

X.

(Welcome Great Sir) to your Majeſtick Seat,
To *Whitehall* Royal and your Chair of State,
From whence let *Tamaſis* the Tydings ſend,
To *Tyber* that our Tears are at an End,
Then let the Conſiſtory meet again,
Fret, and lay Cap aſide to cool the Brain.

THE SUCCESSION.

THE precious Gem call'd Loyalty grows ſcarce,
The Saints pretending, turns it into Farce,
Whilſt *Englands* great Prerogative does grow
Into Contempt by the Tumultuous Foe,
Whoſe ſubtile ſecret Hypocritick gins,
Wou'd turn the Frame of Nature off its pins
A Painted Zeal muſt back what they Decree,
And while the Cheat pretends to *L*oyalty,
Heaven muſt be mock'd t' uphold their Treachery.

Bluſh then Diſloyal Mortals, let your ſhame
All wild Attempts againſt your Reaſon Tame,
Nor think your ſelves who are but Subjects, Kings,
You know Religion teaches better things,
Late reeling times ſufficiently have ſhown
The Effects of Maſquerade Religion,
When *Charles* the Great whoſe Memory ſhall Live,
Cou'd not their Loyal Principles Survive,
And thoſe who dare oppoſe Succeſſion
Wou'd play the ſame Game over with the Son,

This

This Speaks your truſt, the VVounds continue green
Since that Bleſt Martyr was the Bloudy Scene
Of their Impieties; This Land was wrack'd,
Its Bowels Torn, Natures chief Fabrick Crack'd,
Into Confuſion hurld, till in the End
(As each thing does unto its Center tend,)
The Clouds diſpers'd, and drove away Deſpair
VVhen in the Throne appear'd the much wrong'd
(Heir
VVhom Heaven preſerve, and may he ever be
Secure from all pretending Loyalty,
Princes are Gods Anoynted and the Crown,
None can detain but Heavens great Prince alone,
When Natures Law hath been impeach'd ſuch things
Are wrought by Pow'r Divine, the King of Kings,
By that great Pow'r they Rule, and by no leſs,
And he who only rais'd them can depreſs.

All Officers whether of Sword or Gown
Are ſworn t'uphold the Rights of *Englands* Crown
The Commons too before they Voice can claim
Are duly Sworn ith' Houſe to Right the ſame,
How can we Judg of this but as a Plot
When ſuch a Solemn Oath can be forgot?
It's a high Crime to let a Papiſt Reign,
But Perjury wee'l Piouſly maintain,
For a great Vertue when ſelf-intereſt
In Whiſpers tells us all goes for the Beſt,
That Monſter Faction evermore did range
In theſe three Kingdoms to promote a Change,
Which

Which being upheld by Frenzy, Pride and Scorn,
Of Monarcy, 'tis that's the wounding Thorn,
To publick Peace, and makes the greateſt Scars
That fills Mens Mouths with Armys, Bloud and Wars,
'Tis that Depoſes Princes, blackens Fame
Whitens the *Negro*, makes the ſound Man Lame,
A Prince oth' the Bloud is a Regardleſs thing
And if we durſt wee'd tell you ſo's a KING,
Vertues bright Luſtre can't her ſelf protect
From baſe Ingratitude and Diſreſpect,
It once hath been admir'd in that great Prince
And ſtill may't be his Glorious Defence,
Againſt the Tongue of everyſenſeleſs Brute
That dare Succeſſion to the Crown Diſpute.

A Para-

A PARADOX Against Liberty,

Written by the Lords, during their Impriſonment in the Tower.

A Priſon, or the Iſle, are much the ſame;
They onely differ in Conceit and Name.
As Art the firſt, Nature Immures the laſt;
Onely ith' larger Mold her Figure's caſt.
All Iſlanders are in a Priſon pent,
And none at large, not thoſe o'th' Continent.
Each Mariner's a Priſoner in his Bark.
The living World was priſon'd in the Ark.
And though it be abroad adays; the Light
Still lodges in the Priſon of black Night.
The Sea it ſelf, is to its bounds confin'd,
And *Æolus* in Caves ſhuts up the wind:
Nothing in nature has ſuch vaſt Extent,
But is impriſon'd in its Element.

The

The Fiſh in watry Dungeons are inclos'd;
Men, Beaſts, and Birds, to Earth and Ayr diſpos'd.
If to enlarge their narrow bounds, they ſtrive,
The fatal freedom rarely they ſurvive.
And as with them, we hope with Us 'twill be,
When from their Priſons took, Death ſets them free.
Man can no more a native freedome boaſt;
That Jewel ne're was found, ſince firſt 'twas loſt.
'Twas then tranſported to the *Stygian* Coaſt.
But ſtill there's ſomething which we do eſteem,
Onely becauſe 'tis like the poliſht Gem,
And this we Freedome call; its credit grows
From a falſe ſtamp, the guilded outſide ſhows:
Which avaritious Man attempts to get,
Cheated and ruin'd with the Counterfeit.
Like Children, Soapy-Bubbles they purſue,
And the fantaſtick Viſion, take for true;
But whilſt they think bright forms they do em(brac
Ixion-like, they find a cloud i'th' place.
Conſent of Crowds, exceeding credit brings,
And ſeems to ſtamp Truths Image on falſe thing
Not what's a real good, but what does ſeem,
Still ſhares the blind and popular eſteem.
Whilſt Senſe and fancy over-rule their choice,
And Reaſon in th' Election has no voice.
But Souls in vain have Reaſons Attribute,
If to the *Rule*, they cannot Senſe ſubmit.
Hence the Heriock mind makes no complaint,
But freedom does Enjoy, even in reſtraint.

Wh

When Chains and Fetters do his Body bind,
He then appears more free, and leſs confin'd.
Diſcord and Care, which do diſtract him here,
In durance take their leave and come not there.
Falſe Friends and Flatt'rers, then, take laſt adieu,
Who often ſwore how faithful and how true,
Things their diſhoneſt boſoms never knew.
Theſe, like the Swallows, in cold weather flye;
A Summers fortune onely draws them nigh.
Elatt'rers a ſort of fatal Suckers be,
Which draw the Sap 'till they deſtroy the Tree.
Fair Vertue to their Obticks when they bring,
Seems a deform'd and antiquated thing.
Vice they commend, whilſt Vertue is deſpis'd;
The blackeſt by theſe Negroes moſt are priz'd.
Theſe ſlaves to Vice, do hug ſo hard and long,
Till like the o'refond Ape, they kill their Young.
Ambition in the Mind's a Feveriſh Thirſt,
Which is by drinking dryer than at Firſt;
And theſe will feed the humour till it burſt.
When Paraſites the Arbiters are made,
They'l place the Garland on a Beadlam's Head.
Riot, Exces. and Pleaſure car' the Day,
And Luſt (the worſt of Tyrants) bears the ſway,
At whoſe black Throne they blind Allegiance pay.
Moroſe and dull they do account the Grave;
And the Meek-man, fit only for a Slave:
The Humble of a Nature poor and baſe;
The Chaſt, ſprung from a dull inſipid Race;
And Temperance, a Gallant's cheif diſgrace.

In

In Vertues garb, the great Mans Vice they dreſs,
Giving it Names which ſound of Worthineſs.
They call his Pride the Grandeur of his mind,
And for his luſt the Name they have deſign'd
Is a complaiſant Ayr, that makes men kind.
Profaneneſs is his Wit; and his Exceſs
By a Gay janty Humour they expreſs;
All his Debauches too muſt be no leſs.
Thus they lap ruin up, and guild our Crimes;
But Vice deſtroys, like *Ivy*, where it climbs.
In us the dangrous ſtate th' Ambitious ſee
Of Greatneſs, Avarice, and Flatterie.
Gifts, Honour, Office, Greatneſs, Grace of Kings,
Raiſe the Ambitious upon treach'rous wings.
Till from the mighty heights they giddy grow,
And fall into the Ruin lyes below.
If the firſt fail, which do ſupport our ſtate,
The laſt our Fall ſerve to percipitate.
This with too dear Experience we have bought,
And learnt a Leſſon, which too late was taught.
Proſperity's a Drug, that muſt be ta'ne
Corrected, (*Opium* like) or elſe 'tis bane.
A more *Lethargick* quality's in her,
Than ever yet in *Opium* did appear.
Her fatal Poyſon to the Mind ſhe ſends,
And uncorrect, in ſure deſtruction ends.
Whilſt in the way her guilded ſnares ſhe lays,
Eaſie and credulous Man ſhe ſoon betrays;
Who ſees her Roſes and her Lilies here,
But her concealed Snakes doth never fear.

Proſpe-

Proſperity's repaſts puff up the Mind
With unſubſtantial and unwholeſome wind.
'Tis a *Haulte-Gouſt* which *Epicures* do uſe,
And choicer Viands ſqueamiſhly refuſe.
But when Affliction moulds your dayly bread,
'Tis then the ſtaff of Life with which ſhe's fed.
Affliction (like the river *Nile*) beſtows
Her fruitful bleſſings whereſoe'er ſhe flows:
And if when ſhe withdraws, ſtrange Serpents riſe,
Not in her ſtreams, but in the Soyl, it lyes.
Which (like the great *Apollo*) ſhe ſtrikes dead,
By the ſame Influence they firſt were bred,
If ſhe return, and ſhew her hidden head.
Great Minds (like the victorious palms) are wont
Under the Weights of Fortune more to mount.
Strongly ſuppreſt, and hurl'd upon the ground,
Fill'd with ſublimer thoughts they more rebound.
Still careleſs whether Fortune ſmile or frown,
Whether ſhe give, or take away a Crown.
Our Walls are Tyded, and by that we know
She always ebbs, when ſhe doth leave to flow,
And conſtant in Inconſtancy does grow.
Make an attacque all Injuries that can,
They fall like Waves beneath a riſing Swan.
Freed and ſecur'd from all diſcordant Care,
Here we our heads above the billows bear,
Till from our ſhoulders they tranſplanted are.
And from their ſummits, with dum gapes proclaim,
Of a Quincumvirat the trait'rous ſhame,

But during all this Storm, we ſtill do find
An Anchor and a Haven in our Mind;
Not beaten now, though then expos'd to th' Wind.
As Nightingals, our boſom we expoſe,
And ſing, environ'd with the ſharpeſt woes.
Degraded from vain Honour, here we grow
More great and high, as Trees by lopping do.
Honour's like froth in each Man's glaſs of Beer;
'Tis leaſt of uſe, though topmoſt it appear.
The common Vouchee for ill acts ſhe's grown;
It and Religion all our Miſchifs own.
She raigns in Youth with an unruly heat,
And in her falſer Mirror ſhews them Great,
Till Age and Time convince them of the Cheat.
Raſh heads approve what ſober Men deſpiſe,
And the fantaſtick Garb offends the Wiſe;
She rarely now is ſeen, but in Diguiſe.
True Honour and plain Honeſty's the ſame;
From various Dwellings, comes the various Name:
For whilſt ſhe gay in Courts, ſhe's Honour there,
But Honeſty with us in Durance here.
In differing States, moſt things have difference:
What pleas'd this day, the next offends the Prince.
The Proſperous loath what the Afflicted love;
Priſoners abhor, what free, they did approve.
And ſtill there's power in each Man choice, to make
Himſelf content, if he can wiſely take,
And think his own (though hard) a happy Stake.
In ev'ry ſtate does ſome Contentment dwell,
And here we find a Palace in a Cell.

Goo

Good is good ev'ry where, and ev'ry thing,
And good can of it self no Evil bring.
All good's a raye of the first Light alone;
When Ill approaches, only that's our own.
Vertue's not gain'd by spending of our days
In pleasure, Princes Courts, or from their Rays.
At Vertue's Coast by Travel we arrive,
And so by Travel Vertue's kept alive.
She dwindles if she want due Exercise;
But us'd, grows brighter, and still multiplies.
Vertue increases, Snow-ball-like, rowl'd on:
A lazy Vertue's next of kin to None.
Pris'ners indeed they be, that do lay by
At once their Fredom and their Industry.
If Men turn Drones within these hony'd Hyves,
It lyes i'th' Pris'ner's heart, and not his Gyves.
The good grows better here, the bad grows worse;
The Spur that makes this go, does jade that Horse.
Hence the great'st part are male-content and sad,
Since that the Good are fewer than the bad.
A Bliss that springs from penetential joy,
Is the Minds balsome in each sharp Annoy;
Fools only their own Comforts do destroy.
To this Retrement we can freely go;
'Tis the great'st pace of Majesty below:
Or stirring out imports the World to know.
The Goaler's Centinel to guard our Doors,
And Castles are contain'd i'th' narrow Floors.
More happy and more safe, secur'd from Foes,
Than those whom Troops of Enemies enclose.

Much more as Priſoners, our high bliſs we boaſt,
Being ſecur'd from ſuch a mighty Hoaſt
Of deadly Foes, ſo fierce with wrath and might,
Our ſelves ſo feeble, and unfit to fight
'Gainſt the black band of vicious and Profane,
Who Thouſands do undo in each Campain.
In the Aſſault, we ſeldome brook the Field.
But flye like Hares, or elſe like Cowards yield.
Yet this the World eſteems an hard eſtate,
And Us, who feel it, count unfortunate.
Shew then, Philoſophy! the ſtate wherein
Such Safety, and ſo much Content is ſeen.
Wherein leſs rugged or ſteep hindrance lyes,
T'obſtruct the Path unto Perfection's prize.
The uſeful Rod's only bound up for this,
To whip and laſh the Childiſh on to Bliſs;
Who ſullenly refuſe the Rod to kiſs,
And ſo the Bleſſing in the Whipping miſs.
Some, like the Whale, only deſign'd to play
In fruteleſs pleaſures, drive the flying day;
As Boys with Clackers drive the Lent away.
Whilſt here, we ſtop the hours of time, that flyes
With Contemplation's nobler Exerciſe.
Maurge all Goals, think we e're long muſt dye,
And then enjoy an endleſs Liberty;
Death will redeem from long Captivity.
Man's Life's a Piece ſpun of a various Thred;
In ſome 'tis fine, in ſome a courſer Web.
The Threads acroſs, th' Occurrences of Fate,
Cut early from the Loom by Death or late.

The Dread of Kings, Death, does not us dismay;
To Dye's less than be Tantalis'd each day.
What Man complains, with Wearines oppresst,
That Night is come, the only Time to Rest?

The last SPEECH OF Sr. *Edmundbury Godfrey*'s Ghost.

LOok up? Base Croaking Zealots of the Age,
Before your Frenzy Wits, fall into rage;
Look here? Who Vindicates the Royal Stage.
Godfrey's brave Spirit, doth this day appear,
Tremble ye now for Anger, or for Fear.
His worthy Ghost, that courted Sacred good,
Has past the dangers, of the *Stygian Flood*;
Left the *Elizian Shades*, by strict commands,
To see once more how this poor Cuntrey stands.
But to our Shame his grived Soul doth find,
(*Lunatick Zeal*) with us hath Been too kind,
And struck his Loving Fellow Subjects Blind.

He fears our Disobedience to a Prince,
Whom Heaven protected, (he can the World convince,)
From Zealous Rage; and Traytors hands long since.

He sees and fears, that in-bread Wars are coming,
By Zealous Prayer created, Preach'd by cunning,
Holy Long-winded, Fervent, Plows, Men
Who seem as innocent as the prety *Wren*;
But if well tryd, we easily may find,
They unto none, but to themselves are kind;
Envy all happiness, but what's their own,
Have humble outsides, inwardly o're-grown,
With Pride, Ambition, snd Self-Interest;
Longing with Crounes themselves for to Invest,
For what is *Monarchy* to them that say,
They are all *Monarch's*, that Zealously can Pray:
He sees foul threatnings, and intestine Thunder,
The *Plagues* of Eating Swords, *Domestick Plunder*
Foretels the Fathers striking of his Suns,
Who without Mercy, on their *Old Sire* runs;
Sees the Sons base Revenge upon the Father,
Who never leave, till all lye dead together;
Friend killing Friend, a Brother Fights a Brother
And spares his own Blood less then any other.
A wake, awake, I say awake be times,
Before your Sovls, feed on such Hellish Crimes;
Let your own reason, cleat your blinded Eyes,
Let sad experience, banish such Tragedies;
And as you older are, still grow more wise.

Beware thoſe *Monſters*, that have taught your Zeals,
Firſt to Dethrone your Prince (whom God an-
(heals,)
Then brings Deſtruction, to your Publick Weals;
For doubtleſs ſuch baſe Principles as theſe,
Cannot, but muſt the Heavenly Power Diſpleaſe.
Godfrey's ſore-grived-Ghoſt, weeps Bloody Tears,
Seeing you drawn by jealouſies and Fears,
To act thoſe things, which Murdring ſorrow bears.
Is it ſo longe ſince, that you have forgot,
Can you ſo ſoon waſh out that Royal Spots,
Of Sacred Innocent Blood, bring back to mind,
Murdring the *Sire*, then to the Son be kind,
And ſay again your Zeal had made you blind.
Let not *Religions Cloak*, your Bodies cover,
And under That Both Prince and Countrey Smo-
(ther.
To make your ſelves, more hateful, and leſs good
Then *Lucifer* and his *Rebellious Brood*.
You as a parelel to them I bring,
Both ſtriving (with this Difference in the thing,)
They 'gain their Heavenly--------,
But you, both 'gainſt, your Heaven and Earthly
(King.
But yet a King ſo good. ſo ſweet, ſo great.
Makes all your joys and happineſs Compleat.
Them onely are excepted, that you ſee
Fain would be *Monarch's*, Kings as well as He.
Let not your Loving *Godfrey* longer weep,
But let his weary Ghoſt retire to ſleep;

Who never can have rest, unless he find,
Your souls more Loyal to your Prince more kind;
Endeavouring still to immitate those Quires,
That with their Harps, and Hearts, and Sacred (Lyres,
Sing to their Heavenly King, who can alone,
Set whom he Pleases on an Earthly Throne.

ON THE

DEATH

Of the

Protestant Joyner.

I.

BRave *Colledg* is Hang'd, the Chief of our hopes,
For pulling down Bishops and making New Popes;
Our dear Brother Property crawls on the Ground,
In *Poland*, K--- *Anthony* ne're will be Crown'd:
For now they'r resolv'd, that *Harry* shall be Trump,
And the Prentises Swear, they will Burn the Old Rump.
Brav

II.

Brave *Colledge*, both Champion and Carver of Laws,
Who dyed undaunted, and ſtuck to the Cauſe;
What miſchief might thou to the Godly have done
Had thy dareing Soul, dreaded the World to come?
And all thy dear Party to danger expos'd.
If thou to the World, had thy ſecrets diſclos'd.

III.

But now thou art Hang'd, and that fear is paſt,
Were all that's in queſtion as ſafe in the Neſt,
Then we ſome new means, might conſult or contrive,
To drive on our purpoſe, to proſper or thrive:
But the Popiſh PLOT, has now quite loſt it's Name,
And none thy bright Blunderbuſh dare to maintain.

IV.

What K---but Great *Colledge*, could er'e make a Pope
Tho' he was or'e rul'd by the end of the Rope?
Great *Colledge*, was certainly *Jure Divino*,
When the Tripple Crown, on the Popes Heap did *Shine*.
He burnt him to aſhes, for paſtime like *Nero*
Then ſtraight made a new one, ſuch Power had our *Hero*.

V.

Great *Colledge*, muſt certainly dye a good Martyr,
Being Knight of the Halter, and above the Garter;
Our dear Brother States-man, tho' bred in a Saw-pit,
Had Internal *Genious*, enough to or'ethrow Wit:
He fram'd a new Moddle, to limit the K---,
In hopes Crown and Scepter, might truckle to him.

Great

VI.

Great, *Brittain*, ne're bred such a Brother as *Colledge*,
He made Seven Popes, in his Time on our knowledg;
Our Signals of Crimes, he put in the Popes Armes
Which prudent Contrivance, our Function Alarms.
With threats in Petition, Kings Power to restrain,
Yet Towser and *Broomstaff*, rides Admiral again.

VII.

Great *Hanibals* Conqueſt, nor *Olivers* Noſe,
Could with ſuch ſmall Slaughter, ſubdue ſuch great Foes,
As he in this three years, with the help of our Party,
Hath check't our three Kingdoms and *Magna Carta*.
The Head of our Church, and the Head of our Cauſe,
He would have maintain'd them by Perjury and Blows.

VIII.

He now may becall'd, a third Saviour oth' Nation,
To ſave his dear Church he Renounced Salvation;
Like Famous *Cargile*, he dy'd for King Jeſus,
Defying Church Idols; enough to amaze us:
He ty'd up together, both his and our Crimes,
And dy'd like a Devil, to damp our Deſignes.

IX.

Our cauſe toth' Carrecter-men, we muſt refer
To *Shadwell*, and *Settle*, to *Curtis*, and *Carr*.
To know who Succeeds, our Late Captain the Joyner,
He muſt be an Artiſt, ſome Carver, or Coyner,
To make our Solemnity, and ſome New Popes,
On which our dependency, hangs and our hopes.

But

X.

But when the time comes, that the Pope muſt be burn'd
Ifear we ſhall finde that the Tide is much turn'd ?
For the *Tory* Party, hath got ſo much ground,
To Head a Rebellion there's none will be found ;
For now they'r Reſolved that *Harts* ſhall be Trump;
And the *Prentices Swear*, they'l burn the Old Rump.

XI.

Snch a confuſed Monſter, they ſwear they'l Compoſe
Of all the Diſſenters, that are the Kings Foes ;
The *Baptiſt*, and *Biter*, the *Pendant*, and *Quaker*,
From which they will draw ſuch a prodigious Creature :
More Diabolical Invective far,
Then all Popes Solemnity's at *Temple-Barr*.

XII.

Our Common-Councel lets Summon together,
To Pannel pack't Jury's, Let's mak't our endeavour,
For an *Habeus Corpus*, Inſiſts on our Power ;
To fetch our Great Patriots out of the *Tower* ;
And then we'le Diſpute the Caſe, for Reformation,
And make the Provd *Torys* Reſign us the Nation.

In:

INNOCENCE UNVEIL'D:

OR,

A POEM

On the Acquittal of the

Lord Chief Juſtice *SCROGS.*

Right Honourable,

IMperious *Bedlow*, and his *Oaten* Friend,
Will now begin to buckle, or to bend:
Now I do plainly ſee that they are Fools,
They find it dang'rous meddling with Edge-Tools
Juſtice is ſharp when 'tis too much abus'd,
Juſtice unjuſtly lately was accus'd:
And now what follows, Scourges of the Law,
To keep ſuch bold-fac'd Fellows all in awe.
Your Innocence (unleſs I miſs my mark)
Will make their Evidence look dull and dark.
Had they but found you Guilty, I dare ſwing
If they had let alone our Gracious King.
Their Heads were very high, their Hearts too (ſtout,
Now give their Pride and Confidence a rout.

The

The *House of Commons* is there All in All,
And while they ſtand, the Coxcombs cannot fall
This is their ſtrong conceit; they do not fear:
But ev'ry man that has an ear to hear,
Shall ſhortly hear that they have ſpoil'd their ſport
By nothing more, than by this falſe Report.
Thoſe Scribblers *Harris*, *Smith*, and *Care*, will quake,
For their Foundation doth begin to ſhake:
The firſt and ſecond Saviour both look pale,
To ſee their Gall and Malice doth ſo fall:
The Rubbiſh is remov'd, Knaves muſt fly hence,
For who can ſtand againſt our Innocence!
The *Chief* in *Juſtice* ſhines in's proper place,
Whilſt Envy lies obſcur'd with great diſgrace.
Plot on, thou puny Levite, but beware
(Both Thou, the Captain *Harris*, *Smith*, and *Care*,
Of him you aim'd to catch within your Snare.
His great Integrity is fully known,
And well approv'd by him that wears the Crown;
Is't a light thing to tread our *Juſtice* down?
Might *Juſtice* once be trodden under feet,
Then ev'ry Knave would ſtrive for *CHARLES* his Seat:
Juſtice is not ſo weak as you ſuppoſe;
Your *Smith* may ſooner take the Devil by th' Noſe,
Than think his Libels or your Oaths can taint
That that's the Badge of every Earthly Saint.
Injuſtice is your Juſtice, I'me affraid,
But yet by Juſtice you ſhall all be paid?
You have had Rope enough too much I doubt,
Indeed I wonder that your Necks are out.

You are not Hang'd, but choak'd up in your Throats,
Now who'l believe the Rev'rend Dr. *Oates*,
Or the Heroick Captain? *Commons* may
Not when they find your Truth is gone astray:
My *Lord Chief Justice* Story will be told,
And 'twill appear that you have been too bold,
And *Truth* and *Justice* both at once you've sold.

ADVICE
TO THE
Painter's Adviser.

WE *Dogs* and *Lions* by their *Voices* know,
For by their *Notes* themselves all Creatures (show;
Yet here's a *Thing* I know not what to call,
He *roars* and *Barks*; what's *Good* he curses all.
No *Monster* that e're yet from *Africk* came,
But what would start at thy prodigious *Fame*;
Yet we thy Name nor *Pedigree* can tell,
Thou dar'st Blaspheme beyond the Mouths of Hell.
What shall I call thee, *Monster* or *base Fiend*,
That canst daub *Paper* to so base an end?

Un-

Unmouth that *Tongue*, maugre its double *Pale*,
(Fit *Inſtrument* to tell the *Devils Tale*)
Which dar'd blaſpheme that *Sacred Majeſty*,
The voice of *Angels* joy'd to Deifie.
Foul Traitor, to beſpatter ſuch a King
With th' Aſpiſh Poiſon of thy ſlandering,
Whoſe ev'ry Action (if the Truth we ſcan)
Speaks as much *God*, as his Foes find him *Man*?
A *Prince* ſo tender of his *Subjects* Good,
As would redeem the meaneſt with his *Blood*:
Heavens Joy, *Earths Pride*; when After-age ſhall
(tell
His Worth and Parts, 'twill want a Parrellel.
Let *Greece* and *Rome* their *Heroes Punies* call,
Our *Charles the Great* I'm ſure outdoes them all.
Curſt *Caitiff*, thy *ſharp Arrow*, *bitter word*,
Gaul'd more than *Europ*'s many edged *Sword*.
Ye *Heavens* look to't, he that attempts ſo high
As *Vice-God Charles*, threats *Gignatomachy*.
So he that ſtabb'd fam'd *Millain*'s Duke of yore,
By Practice at his *Picture* did no more.
But (Oh! the *Devil*) ſee the Serpent flies
To his firſt courſe, he doubles his *Advice*
To a poor *Painter*, to draw this and that,
And *draws himſelf* into the Lord knows what.
Even ſo thoſe *Brats of ſin* we bluſh to own,
We bring to *others doors*, and lay them down.
But (*pox upon his Picture*) to be ſhort,
The wary *White could* have no *colour* for't;

Elſe

Else *Hell* had paid the Wages of th' abuſe,
His *Quidlibit audendi's* no excuſe.
Kings failings (if th' are any) ought not lie
An open *Proſpect* for the *Vulgar Eye.*
He that drew *Alexander's* ſcarry Face,
Diſcreetly put his *Finger* on the place:
But where's the *Arteſt* that can frame a Line,
To *Shadow* or *Eclipſe* the *Glorious Shine*
Of CHARLES'S *Ray*? what *Eagle-eye* can gaze
On ſo much *Sun*, or fully ſuch a *Blaze.*
Illuſtrious i'th' *Abſtract*, whoſe each *Glance*
Would ſtrike *Preſumption* out of Countenance;
Much leſs can any draw his *Treaſur'd Mind*,
To every Noble Virtuous *Mood* inclin'd;
Unblemiſh'd as the *Saints*, the *Sun* leſs clear
In that firſt *Shine* which *Summer'd* all the *Year*:
Our *Painters* well knew this, who e're read o're
A *Face* more puzling *Art*, a *Mind* much more.
Then, *Devil do thy worſt*, with thy *Advice*,
Charles and his Court are 'bove thy *Calumnies.*
Powers and *Dignities* approach the Skies,
Like Ships the more the Waves do under riſe.
But 'tis not each *Gods Fate* alone, elſe why
Do *Miſcreants* ſlight the *Angels* Miniſtry?
Ours is but little lower, one remove,
Vicegerent to the *King of Kings* above.
The beſt are ſtill the moſt malign'd with wrong,
Vertue's no fence againſt a *ſpiteful Tongue*;

He

Is th' Object of his *prophanation.*
Tho pure as new fall'n *Snow*, free from offence,
As blameleſs Truth, and white as *Innocence.*
His breath blaſts thoſe, whoſe breath perfuming *Air*,
Makes all (ſave that) as ſweet as they are fair,
Unbitter'd bitterneſs it ſelf of all,
Earth's Heavenly few, the moſt *Angelicall*,
But *Vice* be dam'd, thou art like one of thoſe,
Who giddi'd in a Ship at Sea, ſuppoſe
The *Continent* doth move as well as they,
All tread awry to thoſe whoſe *Feet* are ſplay.
If (though our *thoughts* are free) we muſt not
(think
Ill of the King; he that ſhall black his Ink,
And pale his Paper with words, ſtartles more,
Than, *Lord, have mercy*, chalk'd upon the door.
To traduce *Princes* in the ſhapes of ſin,
Wiſe *Painters* chooſe to draw the *Devil* in;
Theſe are the *marks o'th' Beaſts*, who caſts an eye
On thoſe (as on a *Baſilisk*) muſt die.
The *Mecha Pilgrims* at their Prophets Tomb,
Need nothing elſe to make them blind or dumb.
Here now my Muſe would ſit as Judg at laſt,
And Sentence paſs on every Sentence paſt;
But he's not worth the while, Avant, be gone;
Yet firſt attend thy *Benediction*:
Thou that darſt own, and doſt deſire no Name,
But what is Regiſtred to endleſs ſhame,
Live long in all the Plagues *this World affords;*
And if thou wilt repent and eat thy words

To choak thee; or, to give the Devil's due,
The Hangman *draw thee, and thy* Painter *too.*

THE

HYPOCRITICAL CHRISTIAN:

OR THE

Conventicling Citizen.

WEll! for a careful foreſight, ſober wit,
Give me a *Godly*, zealous, *Wiggiſh Cit.*
He twice a *Week* to *Conventicle* walks,
Where Bawling, Canting *Preacher* Nonſenſe talks.
He ſqueamiſh *Fool* for *Orthodox* Divine
Nere cares; becauſe he cannot Sob, and Whine.
He likes a *Tubſter* with his down caſt Face,
His Comic Poſtures, and his damn'd Grimace.
But hates the Rev'rend *Clergy* of the Town,
Diſdains with Pride a *Pulpiteer* in Gown.
And every *Parſon* Dr. *Crape* he'l call;
Like *Lad* of late at Merchant-*Taylors* Hall.
Whoſe ſneaking looks his *Principles* betray'd.
It was a fly, ſtarv'd Whig in Maſquerade,
A ſtingy perjur'd, faithleſs Renegade.

The

The Godly *Puppet* came (he ſaid) to ſee,
And know the Humour of the Company.
But the Glut'nous *Aſs* he was ſo neſty,
Hew'd down the Walls of the *Veniſon* Paſty.
To come to's roſt; Alas! the *Tarts* and Pyes,
To's Oſtrich-ſtomack fell a Sacrifice.
His Appetite was keen for all's pretences,
He pleas'd his Eye, and Banqu'tted his Senſes.
Then all the generous Gueſts traduces,
With ſturring, dirty, pit'ful abuſes.
Becauſe they drank a Loyal Health or two,
He calls them *Popiſh*, *Toriſh* drunken Crew.
A parcel of mean ſordid *Lads* there were,
Who he was certain near eat *Buck* before.
For ſuch abuſes let the *Lad* beware,
And ſo let pimping, Whiggiſh *Harry Care*.
Who's Tugging daily to Promote the *Cauſe*,
To T'wart all Juſtice, and make Null the *Laws*.
One *Ignoramus*-man, (ſays he) at leaſt,
Is able purchaſe all that were at Feaſt.
All their Eſtates in equal Ballance laid,
By one *Whig-Jury-man's* would be out-weigh'd.
Faith! *Harry's* very generous; he prates
As tho he really knew all mens Eſtates.
Poor Mr. *Chriſtian's* dead, and th' Dukes Grace,
May give to *Harry* his old Stewards Place.
For he's a Godly, Honeſt Man, and true,
And do's deſerve his Place, and Pill'ry too.
His too hot Zeal for *Teckley* Reformation,
In broaching Falſhoods, t'embroil the Nation;

His Venting this, and contradicting that,
Shew him more Fool, or Knave, than pillar'd *Nat*:
The greateſt Truths that publiſhed can be,
By *Hodge*; are Story's and damn'd Ribaldry,
If it with his and *Gotham*'s diſagree,
The Dukes young Daughter could not live, 'twas ſaid
'Twas ſo infirm a Child, and ſince 'tis dead.
The Serenading Crew, for all their ſqueaking,
Were Thieves, and did intend Houſe-breaking.
Contriv'd with's Grace, a black and diſmall War,
To batter him with Fiddles and Gitter,
The Inſtrument of Death, a ſmall *Rechorder*,
And Fiddle Stick, and Pipe to do th' Murder.
The *Chicheſter* Informer took a Pot,
Too much of Brandy; and his Brains were hot,
Broke Windows, was a ſwearing drunken Sot.
H' had wild Freaks, ungovernable Paſſions,
And dy'd (like Biſhop's Horſe) of the Faſhions.
The fine Prelatic Jade will ſure be Sainted,
Yes, yes: If *Baxters* book of Saint's reprinted.
Then *Curtiſs*, *Care* with mighty *Polander*,
Shall have their Names in Whiggiſh Calender.
And all who carry on the work o'th' Laird.
Shall have a good and bountifull Reward.
In this large Catalogue of Fools and Knaves,
Come Leaden Conſtables with Wooden Staves.
With Solemn Oaths they gravely can diſpence,
They have a ſwinging well ſtretcht Conſcience.
Who take up the Office out of mighty Zeal,
To ſupport their Brethren o'th' *Common Weal*.

They

They to th' Brother-hood ſend holy Greetings,
Acquaint them how they'l come moleſt th' *Meetings*.
Then hey ! the Godly Flock's diſpers'd and gone,
And all (like young Fledg'd Birds) are quickly Flown.
The Preacher then with's Congregation,
Give thanks for this great Preſervation,
And Orders that th' Thanks of the *Houſe* be ſent,
To Godly *Conſtable* for's good intent.
O ! what will not Men do, if this they dare,
To Affront Juſtice? And themſelves Forſwear
To Oblige a few, and ſuch a Faction pleaſe,
Who in this Government were ne're at eaſe.
Thus *Officer* (though gravely Sworn) Cologues,
Call's *Hilton* Fool, and all th' *Informers* Rogues.
Though he hath *Warrants* with him, that's all one,
In ſpite of *Laws*, he Executeth none.
'Tis ſtrange, ſuch *Meetings* cannot ſilenc'd be,
Where *Preacher* bawls ſo much for *Liberty*,
And boldly talks of *Subjects Property*.
Oh ! Horrid Inſolence ! can Juſtice ſleep ?
Not ſee ſuch Vermin into Corners creep ?
Seduce poor *Women*, and on *Cit* impoſe,
Draw him through *Bogs* of *Error* by the Noſe.
Tell him of Plots, and great *Deſigns*, forſooth
All which the Cred'lous *Cit* ſucks in for Truth,
That ſev'ral *Jeſuits* were up and down,
In cloſe *Cabals*, for to enſlave the Town.
It was, not long ago at *Lor'ners*-Hall,
That Youngſter did for *Magna Charta* Bawl.

And (like *Hugh Peters*) with new ſtrange Alarms,
Bid 'm beware, ſtand ſtifly to their Arms.
To quit themſelves like Men ; be Strong and Stout,
Secure their Perſons, and the *Tories* Rout.
What ? loſe the Priv'ledge of Chuſing *Shrieves*,
Why *North* and *Rich* will prove two deadly Thieves.
They'l rob you of your *Jury*'s here at home,
And make you fall ſad Victims unto *Rome*.
Then ſtill oppoſe the Polls of Sir *John More*,
He hugs that Witch, the *Babylonic* Whore,
Will ne're your Native Liberty's reſtore.
Be ready too, your *Charter* to ſecure,
Who thoſe damn'd *Quo-Warranto*'s can't endure ?
You ſee that *Oxford* ſtoutly doth Defie,
Such *Writs* ; and will protect their *Liberty*.
Ne're truſt their *Charter* in the Hands of *King*'s,
Who'd bauk their *Priv'ledge*, and clip their *Wings*.
Then ſtand it out Boyes ſtill, and ſtill be Famous,
(Like *Oxford* Towns-Men) for old *Ignoramus*.
But I'm inform'd of late that Whiggiſh Town
Is Alter'd ſtrangely ; and is Loyal grown,
An Impudent Reſiſtance do's diſown.
The *Charter* they'l Reſign for all the bawling,
Of Fooliſh *Wright*, and ſelf-conceited *Pawling*.
To oppoſe the *Loyaliſts* the *Whigs* don't dare,
The Youngſters laugh at dull *Machine* the *Mayor*.
Thus Honeſty, I hope, in vogue may be,
And *Cit* may find his long loſt *Loyalty*,
And baul no more for Bugbear *Property*.

May names of Parties and Distinctions cease,
May *Faction* fall, and *Loyalty* increase,
To Stablish here an Universal Peace.
May *Cit* to *Church* devoutly go and Pray,
And ne're dispise a Godly-Homily.
Ne're Meet thus in Un-hallowed *Barns* and *Sty's*,
And blindly Offer their Fools Sacrifice.
Leave *Cit*, those *Synagogues*, and do Conform,
Into the *Churches* Breast at last Return.
Cast off (for Shame) the Factious Crew; you know
How they Prophanely impudent do grow.
An Am'rous Brother late so kind and tender,
Did there with Sister Publickly *Engender*.
The *Preacher* saw the *Godly Act* of *Grace*,
Saw the *Lewd Couple* Zealously *Embrace*.
He nodded, Frown'd, and gravely did Reprove,
Their wicked Satyr's way, of Brutal Love.
Hence forth he'l have a Smarter Rod in Pickle,
For such *Debaucher's* of's dear Conventicle.
From such Vile *Cells* as from Contagion flee,
Such Deeds were never seen in *Monast'ry*.
Beleive it (to th' Eternal shame of *Meetings*)
Nor in our *Churches* are such Carnal Greetings.
Then pri'thee Disaffected *Cit* Comply,
With Law; and thou'lt enjoy thy *Liberty*.
Securely live beneath thy *Vine* at ease.
Thy Credit and thy Fortune will encrease.
Be Loyal, and Defend the Kings Just Right,
Ne're read a Factious Pamphlet with delight.

Ne're feed on *Horse* flesh; nor read vain Discourses,
'Twixt *Charing-Cross* and your *Wool-Church-Horses.*
Ne're have a Vitious thought 'gainst Majesty,
But let all Treason Talkers silenc'd be,
Those *Vermin* that do girn at *Monarchy.*
Oppose their barking; and let the *World* know
You can be honest, if you would be so.
The *Comet* that appear'd did sure portend,
That all your Factions here will have an end,
And Zealous Conventiclers will amend.

On the

Loyal Apprentices FEAST.

THe busie Town grew still, and *Trait'rous Whigs*
Had lately chang'd their *Looks* & *Periwigs*,
Left Envy's Face behind, and Sniv'ling Cant,
And *Hectors* turn'd, with *Loyalists* to Rant.
I know not which it was, whether They thought
Some *Conventicling Whores* might there be brought

By

By *ſtrict Devotion* to meet a *BROTHER*;
Or whether 'twas they Scented out ſome other
Warm Zealous *Game*, as *Paſty*, *Pudding-Pie*,
Not Superſtitious now, if *WHIG* be by.
But ſomthing 'twas made *Godly'ſt Men o'th'Nation*
Back-ſlide a little now for Recreation;
And here's a *Penitential Pſalm* of One
That tells his *BRETHREN* what Himſelf has done
At *LOYAL-FEAST* in *MERCHNT-TAYLORS-HALL*
'Mongſt *Coxcomb-Lords*, and Worſhippers of *BAAL*;
Whither *Fooliſh KING*, and *PRINCES* too had ſent
Fat BUCKS, in Sacrifice to IDOLS meant.
Yet 'mongſt ſuch Fools a *WHIG* can Eat and Drink,
Whilſt H'one thing Speaks, and doth another Think.
He in Deceit can mannage cunning ſlight;
Not ſo the *Tories*, they muſt be downright,
And naturally are ſo to all Mens ſight.
But *Whigs* with Reſervation Speak and Write,
And far out-do the greateſt *Jeſuite*.
Well; Fools we muſt be then, the *Whigs* will have
For their dear ſelves the other Sir-name, *Knave*.
Then let them hav't, we'll give the Devil's due,
Whig earns it better than *Papiſt*, *Turk*, or *Jew*:
'Tis but re-counting in *PHANATICK* ſtrain
The fouleſt Crimes, and then they're *SAINT* again.
A *FALLEN STAR* to day, perhaps to morrow
May ſhine like *LUCIFER*, and from him borrow
A brand or two of his Infernal *LIGHT*,
T'intoxicate poor people in the *Night*.

New

New *Lights*, and new *Diſcoveries* they bring,
Dark-Lanthorn-Counſels how to 'buſe the *King*;
Make every thing *Ridiculous* appear,
That pleaſes *HIM*, or any *LOYAL PEER*.
The *ROYAL FAM'LY*'s but a *Popiſh Crew*,
And *Doctor Crape-Gowns* are all *Papiſts* too;
A puny Pray'rs the beſt thing they can tell ye,
Whileſt their *Devotion*'s fix'd upon their *Belly*:
Loyal ADDRESSES, and *ABHORRENCES*,
(Quoth *Turn-Coat Whig*) are ſottiſh *Flatteries*;
The *KING* delights in *Paraſites*, we ſee,
And none but *Fools* can in His Favour be;
Diſſolving Parliaments deſerves *Damnation*,
For keeping *Publick Juſtice* from the Nation;
And th' *Godly Perſecuted*. 'Laſs! 'tis worſe
Than *Tyranny*, or *Arbitrary Force*.
Popery is come already! Where be we?
Brethren, ſtand faſt in *Chriſtian Liberty*.
See how the *Loyal Beagles* of the Town
Flock from their Shops, t'adore the Idol CROWN.
Thoſe ſilly Curs, that ſometimes us'd to help's,
And foll'w our keen *Rebellious Bloud-hound Whelps*,
They're now declaring for the ROYAL CAUSE,
Think KINGLY BLOUD too Sacred for our Jaws.
Help now or never, *Baxter*, *Curtis*, *Care*,
And all *True Patriots* of our *Holy War*;
The *KING* and *COURT* can't be more odious made;
Strike now; ſtrike home, or all our PLOT's betraid.
Thus far the *Whigs*; For here the *True Sence* lies
Of all their *Libels*, *Rhithmes*, and *Forgeries*;

And

And yet they're *LOYAL* ſtill ; But ye muſt kno.
'Tis with a *Mental Reſervation* though,
As *Brother Poet* has at laſt confeſt ;
Who, if he'd hid *This Truth*, had ſpoil'd his *Jeſt*.
Ay, we've experienc'd well what *LOYALTI*
Since *Forty One*, his *Brethren* brood and he
Are like to ſhew ; which makes us think, and ſay,
Old *Nick*'s as *True*, and *Loyal* too, as *They*.
But YOU, *Brave Loyal YOUTHS* (that *Fools* & *Fops*
Are nick-nam'd by the *Rebel-Rout*) Your ſhops
Shall be Protected, by the Sov'reign Charms
Of *CHARLES* and *YORK*, and their *Victorious Arms* ;
With Heav'ns aſſiſtance, win Your ſelves Renown,
Redeem the Credit of this *Ancient Town* ;
Say, LONDON'S 'PRENTICES have done the
(thing,
Joyn'd *Zeal to GOD* with *Duty to the KING*.

ON

ON

Old Doctor Wild's New POEM

TO HIS

Old Friend, upon the *New PARLIAMENT.*

THus 'tis to ſtand Condemn'd by rigorous Fate
To the vile *Plague* of a *Poetick Pate* :
The *Itch of Rhyming* where it once does ſeize,
Becomes a more *Incurable* Diſeaſe
Than *Pox* or *Scurvey* : Harder 'tis to rout
WILD's *Scribling humour*, than to Charm his *Gout*
An *Old Man's twice a Child*, I heard folks ſay,
But never *more*, than when he would ſeem *Gay*,
And does with *Jingling Hobby-horſes* play :
When ſprightly *Fancy's* gone, the *doting Bungler*
Mounts the brisk *Muſe*, but proves an errant *Fumbler*
Gets only *Puling Verſe*, languid and thin,
Not to be call'd a *Birth*, but *Souterkin*.

Sorr

Sorry dull *Puns*, and Nauſeating *Quibbles*,
Worſe than old *Crab-i'th-wood*, or *Belman* Scribbles.
Juſt ſo *Sir Limber-ham* that ſcarce can crawl,
Will on his *Venus*, and his *Cupids* call;
And drains *Five hundred Pieces* from his Purſe
To keep a *Miſs*, when more he wants a *Nurſe*.
But tell me *Reverend Songſter!* was it fit
Thy *Doctorſhip* ſhould thus the *Pulpit* quit,
To Revel in ſuch *Babyloniſh Wit?*
Thy very Friends when they thy Poem ſcan,
Say only----*He's a Towardly old Man.*
Though thou forgot'ſt thy *Calling*, *Age*, *Degree*,
This *Subject* ſure ſhould curb thy *Levity*
To treat of PARLIAMENTS at ſuch a rate,
In *fulſom Metaphors* of *Billings-gate*,
Before th' *Auguſt Illuſtrious Senate* come,
And ſtraight *turn up*, (ſans ſhame,) thy *Aged Bum*
Deſerves a *Laſh* from the *Black Rod* at leaſt
To make th' *Old Baby* ſmart for the lewd Jeſt,
Amongſt ſo many *Olds* as thou doſt trace,
'Tis ſtrange the *Good Old Cauſe* obtain'd no place.
Then *Poor Diſſenter* bravely might *Aſcend*
Into a Pulpit *from the Tables end*,
And *Hold forth* Godly Sonnets to his Friend.
We all are *Joy'd* at preſent *Face of Things*,
And thank both *Heav'ns kind Influence, and the Kings*,
ROMES *Vultures*, nor the *Gallick Cocks* we fear,
Safe in our watchful *Eagles* Royal Care:
Yet love not to *run mad*, and *Dance the Hay*,
As *ſtung* (like thee) With a *Tarantula*:

VVho e're thy *greazie Tale* of *Pork* does view,
Suspects thee for the *By-blow* of a *Jew*.
Thy *Grandam* when she *burnt th'old Stock*, was cruel,
Not *Bees* but *Wasps* deserve to be made Fewel:
Good *Housewives* do not think her Method *safe*,
To *Drive* is better than to *Burn* by half;
But these *Wild Sallies* do too plainly show,
Thou dost but *Cackle* when thou thoughtst to *Crow*.
Treating of Richest *Robes of State*, and *Ermin*,
Thou just like some *Pot-Poets* Cozen German
Bethinks thee of th'own *thred-bare Cloaths & Vermin*.
Then cry'st to *Longlane with them-New put on*;
Sweet Sir! 'tis *timely* thought of, may't be done.
But best make haste e're *Ketches Wardrobe's gone*
Thinkst thou (VVILD as thou art!) such *Language* meet
T'approach the Soveraign *Legislative Seat*?
Pardon *Great Senate!* that his Phrensy drew
Me to the *Rudeness* here of naming You.
The *haughtiest Subjects* tremble when they come
To your *Just Barr*, and dread th'*Impartial Doom*.
Fair *Copy* of Heavens Policy! the same
Idæa that rules the *Universal Frame*,
VVhere *Nobles*, as the *Fixed Stars* do shine
In Honours Firmament; And Rays Divine
From *Reverend Fathers* of the Church are spread,
To strike both *Schism* and *Superstition* dead.
Next, *Sages of the Law*, as *Planets* trace
Their *Circuits*, to enliven in each place

Those

Thoſe needful ACTS which here are fram'd, and
Diſtributive *Juſtice* for the Publick weal. (deal
Then COMMONS as full *Conſtellations*, joyn,
And their *Wiſe Councels* ſolemnly Combine,
VVhilſt *Sacred Majeſty* incircled round
VVith Native Glory, as the *Sun*, is found
Beaming his *Acts of Grace* ſo free and bright,
That all from *Him* borrow both *Heat* and *Light*.
Healing Aſſembly! whenſoe're you meet,
The Peoples *Choice*, and the KINGS *Wiſhes* greet:
Their *Liberties*, His *Honour*, You mantain,
O let them ne'r be *Differenc'd* again!
In his own *proper Orb* let each *Star* move,
Not Joſtling thoſe *Below*, nor them *Above*.
Let no *Falſe Fires* their *dazling Beams* diſplay,
Nor *upſtart Meteors* interrupt your way:
All Your *Debates* let *Moderation* Calm,
And Your *Reſults* become the Nations *Balm*.
Thoſe *little Foxes* that the Land Defile,
And ſeek our *Vine* and *Tender Grapes* to ſpoil,
Unkennel them; and let ROMES *Conclave* ſee,
In vain they PLOT, whilſt You our *Guardians* be.
May *Heaven* all Your *Conſultations* Bleſs,
And all *Good Men* pray for your wiſht Succeſs.
But our Old Buſie Rhymer *we ſhall loſe*,
Who Hawks and Kites, and blind Buzzards *purſues*,
Until at laſt like a Bewildred *Jolt-head*,
His Muſe has all her Borrowed Feathers *moulted*.
Age makes all ſtoop---*How faſt the* Man deſcends?
Commences Doctor, *and* Poor Robin, *Ends*.

SCANDAL

SCANDAL PROOF,

OR AN

Heroick Poem

On the Renowned Champions of the

Good Old Cause,

Inpudent *Dick Janeway*, and the reſt of the Factious Tribe.

COme on ye Scribling *Rebels* of the Age,
Come on I ſay, advance upon the Stage;
Arm'd with *Phanatick* Malice, Zeal and Rage.
Diſplay your Merits to the Publick View,
Tell'em 'tis You'r their Champion, none but You
Dare Counter-Plot the *Popiſh* Plotting Crew,
Faith 'twas great pity there was not a Tryal
Between that pack of *Prieſts*, who did deny all,
And You *Phanatick* Scriblers who Belly-all:
I mean that Zealous Sanctified Gang,
Comus, and *Hal*-Old *Elephant*, and *Lang*-
(who precious Saints) no doubt in time may Hang.

And

And make as Fine a Show, as *Whitebread* did
With th' other precious four whose Souls are fled
Into another World; yet 'twas unkind
To leave such Holy Brethren thus behind,
Without Directions, where their Friends to find.
Alas poor Harmless Devils, what a Pother
They make to Troop so hasty after th'other:
Who dy'd great Rogues, yet ne'r deny'd their Trade
As you do, who their Mistery Invade,
Proving your selves *Jesuits* in Masquerade.

I Laugh to see how you'd the World deceive,
If they would all your Lying Tricks believe;
As how you'r th' only Men, that stand i'th' Gap,
There to repel th' approaching Thunder-Clap
Of *Popery*, which Threatens all the Nation,
With no less than a Total Inundation;
Unless prevented by your Reformation.
This is a precious hopefull Age, no doubt,
When such an Impious, Daring Rebel Rout;
Such Wretched Tools as You shall undertake
A Reformation in the *Church* and *State*.
Yet 'tis but what we must expect from You,
Who in plain Terms, (to give the Devil his due)
Pretend to Love the King, but hate him too.

Among the rest of this *Phanatick* Knot
Of Factious *Whigs*, Faith I had quite forgot
To mention that Egregious Rascal *Dick*,
That Wondrous Lying Son of Damn'd *Old Nick*:
Impartial Rakehell whose Romantick Skill
Excells the other Lying Knights o' th' Quill:

So like a *Janus*, does *Dick Janeway* look,
We see his Double Face in every Book;
In which wee'r Weekly Plagu'd with's Impudence,
Offensive to all Loyal men of Sense,
Who hate both *Dick*, and's Damn'd Impertinence.
Well then, go on thou Cursed Rogue in Grain,
Proceed to Write in thy own Lying Strain.
'Tis Meritorious; thou deserv'st Applause,
By Propping up the Sinking Damn'd *Old Cause*,
Which not prevented, Ruins the King & Laws:
Go tell th'awaken'd World, (but 'tis in vain)
You Love (alas you Lye) Great *Charles* his Raign:
How canst thou Love the King, or can your Brood
Of *Whigs*, when *Treason* Taints your Soul & Blood,
Ye Damn'd Antipodes to all that's good.
But Thou amongst the rest art such a Fool,
Poor Silly Rogue! They use thee for a Tool:
A certain necessary Implement,
To Print and own the Lyes that they Invent;
A Foppish Brazen Fool, that's led Astray
By every Cunning *Whig* that shews the way:
With what Officious *Care* thou Plagu'st thy Brains,
To get the Name of Villain for thy pains;
Like that Inglorious Rogue that set on Flame
Diana's Temple; which to the Villains shame
He only did, to gain a Cursed Fame:
Such is thy Cursed *Care* thou damned Fop,
Whose Pate more fit for Scullens Broom, or Mop;
Merits the Glorious Name of busie Sot,
And (Calves-Head-like) deserves to go to Pot.

Thou

Thou Dull Inſipid *Coxcomb*, worſe then Beaſt,
What Guts and Garbidge hath thy Brains poſſeſt;
To make thy Scribling Whelpſhip ſo Uncivil,
So unlike man, and ſo much like the Devil:
Sure thou'rt the Spawn of ſome Ill Natur'd *Gipſy*,
Got in a Barn, perhaps where each was *Tipſy*;
Hatcht up with th' noiſe of Tory, Rory, Randy,
The pure effects of Ale, and Beer, and Brandy;
And ever ſince thou'ſt been the Devils Imp,
Diſſenters Bully, and *Phanaticks* Pimp:
A perfect Staulking Horſe unto all thoſe,
That Hate the King, and Love the Kingdoms Foes:
A Drudging Journy-man, a Slave to th' *Pope*,
Next Heir in Law to the *Heer Van Ketch* his Rope;
One whom the Devil, for his Excellent Work
Is more beholding to, then *Pope* or *Turk*.
Mayſt thou at length receive thy Merits Due,
As Ample as the *Popiſh* Plotting Crew;
So *Janeway*, fare thee well, until I ſee
Thy Rogueſhip made *St. Dick* at *Tyburn Tree*.

Fitz-Harris

HIS

Farwell to the WORLD,

OR A

TRAYTORS

Juſt Reward.

FArwell great Villain, and unpittied Lie,
Inſtead of Tears drawn from a tender Eye;
Ten thouſand Traytors like *Fitz-Harris* dye.

Unhuman Monſter, to the World ingrate,
An Enemy to the King, the Church and State;
Hadſt thou been ſtarv'd, 't had been too kind a Fate.

His Crimes were horrid, infamous and baſe.
Deſerves a total extinct of his Race;
Baniſh his Name unto ſome diſmal place.

What's worſe than injuring Sacred Majeſtie?
For which he ſuffered on the fatal Tree;
May all men ſuffer for ſuch Loyalty.

England

England may then be glad, with Triumph ſing,
When all her Foes are vaniſht with a ſtring;
The Golden Age from *Halcion*-days will ſpring.

Thoſe Wolves that Plot Proteſtant Lambs to Gull,
May Heaven obſtruct the Engines of their Scull;
Give them of *Tyburn*, Lord, their Belly full.

Hot-headed Youths have been ſeduc'd of late,
Beyond their Wits, talk of the Affairs of State;
Obedience learn to avoid *Fitz-Harris* Fate.

Thoſe publick Libellers with Zeal and heat,
With ſome unheard of Novels dayly Treat;
If they write falſly, tie them from their Meat.

Tell th' Ambitious, they Fools ſtrive in vain,
To undermine a Crown, King *Charles* will Reign:
To be true and honeſt, is the ſafeſt Gain.

I hope to ſee Juſtice at *Tyburn* done,
If ſo, ſome hundreds may have Cauſe to run;
Give them what they deſerve, their Thread is ſpun.

Bid proud petitioners, good Advice approve,
Make an Addreſs and in one Body move;
With all humility t' gain their Prince's Love.

I'de ſooner loſe a Limb, from th' Monument fly,
Endure the worſt of Torments till I dye;
Then willingly deſerve my Kings diſpleaſing Eye.

London, on thee all flourishing joys descend,
Heaven's bless the Government, and Governors to
(the end;
Unanimous to agree, your Soveraign to defend.

The Man that burnt *Diana*'s Temple down,
Did it on purpose a Villain to be Crown'd;
Mongst Rogues (Damn'd Rogues) he got Renown.

How many thousands are there in the Nation,
Meer Knaves, but Saints, in private Congregation;
Loves Monarchy, with mental Reservation.

The Gods rebuke the Error of the Age,
Let moderation Tumultuous men asswage;
But hang all those against their King engage.

Let all dissenting Brothers Love the King.
To the Church Unite, 'tis a goodly thing;
With Brethren to agree, and with *Te Deum* sing.

Heaven's bless his Majesty, with Plenty, Joy and
(Peace.
To all that love the King Heavens give increase;
Confound his Foes to pray I here will cease.

Non est Lex justior ulla
Quam Necis Artificis, Arte perire sua.

THE MEAL TUBB PLOT.

GOod *Heraclitus* lets have no quarrel,
Sing you of the Tap, i'll ſing of the Barrel,
And neither laugh nor cry for the Lawrel.
Which no Body can deny.

A Fig for your Tap or your Cork. Do but bring here
A barrel of empty Reports, (*Mr. Singer*)
You ſhall ſee we can broach them with a wet
Which no body, &c. (*Finger.*

I'll not meddle with Barrels of Ale and Bear,
For ſhould they work again, we may fear
Too quick a return o'th' *Platonick* Tear.
Which no Body, &c.

A Pox of your Barrels full of *French*,
'Tis a ſort of an ominous Bloody Drench,
And full of diſpute as an Oyſter Wench.
Which no Body, &c.

Give

Give me that Miraculous Lasting Joke,
O'th Barrel of Meal, that Blinded the Folk,
Fill'd every Mans Mouth and yet every Man spoke
Which no Body, &c.

It made more noise and was more hot,
Than all those Barrels I had forgot,
That had their heads in the *Gunpowder*-Plot,
Which no Body, &c.

Some say it was the very same.
Where *Byter John* the first of the Name,
Vented such store of Smoak and Flame,
Which no Body, &c.

I think indeed they hit the Nail,
For's Notes were found within the Meal,
Wherewith the Discoverer wip'd his Tayl.
Which no Body, &c.

Regulus (but for the spoiling the Leaven)
The Barrel full of Spikes had driven,
And rowl'd the Rogue downward to Heaven.
Which no Body can deny.

A

DIALOGUE

Between the Ghosts of the two last Parliaments at their Interview

Fuimur Troes

Westminster Ghost's Advice.

FRom deepest Dungeon of Eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains and Spight,
I have been sent to tell your tender Youth
A Seasonable and Important Truth!
I feel, (but oh too late) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of Luxurious Ease;
And of all other the most tempting things
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was Superlitively ill
But by Degrees with Industry and Skill
And some whose meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by use, and Rebells by Despair;
My time is past, and yours will soon begin
Keep the first Blossoms from the blast of Sin,
And by the Fate of my Tumultuous ways
Preserve your self, and bring Serener days,

The

The busy subtile Serpents of the Law
Did first my mind from Due obedience draw,
While I did limits to the King prescribe
And look for Oracles that canting Tribe,
I chang'd true Freedom for the name of Free
And grew Seditious for Variety;
All that oppos'd me were to be accus'd
And by the Law Illegally abus'd.
The Robe was Common'd M---d in the head,
In Legal Murder none so deeply read:
I brought him to the Barr where once he stood
Stain'd with the (yet unexpiated) Blood
Of the Brave *Strafford* when three Kingdoms rung
With his Accumulated Hackney Tongue:
Prisoners and Witnesses were waiting by:
These had been taught to Swear, and those to die
And to expect their Arbitrary Fates
Some for ill faces some for good Estates:
To fright the people, and alarm the Town,
Bedlo, and *Oates* Employ'd the Reverend Gown.
But while the Trebble Mitre bore the blame
The Kings Three Crowns were their Rebellious Aim.
I seem'd, and did but seem to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the B--and the--W.---
Antimonarchick Hereticks of State,
Immortall Atheists, Rich and Reprobate:
But above all I got a little Guide
Who every Foard of Villany had try'd;
None knew so well the Old pernicious way
To Ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey,

And

And my ſmall *Jehu* at a furious Rate
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Fourty Eight*,
This the King knew and was reſolv'd to bear
But I miſtook his patience for his fear:
All that this happy Iſland cou'd afford
Was ſacrific'd to my Voluptuous board.
In his whole Paradiſe one only Tree
He had Excepted by a ſtrict Decree,
A Sacred Tree which Royall fruit did bear,
Yet it in pieces I conſpir'd to tear,
Beware my Child! Divinity is there.
This ſo out did all I had done before
I cou'd attempt, and He Endure no more.
My unprepar'd and unrepenting Breath
Was ſnatch'd away by the ſwift hand of Death,
And I with all my Sins about me hurld
To th' utter Darkneſs of the Lower World;
A Dreadfull place which you too ſoon will ſee
If you believe Seducers, more then me.

Nitimur

Nitimur in Vetitum

Oxford Ghost.

HAil great prophetick ſpirit; who cou'd ſee
Through the dark glaſs of ripening tim
(what w
Too true have found and now too late complain
That thou great Spirit ſhoud'ſt foretell in vain,
Full well and Faithfully did'ſt thou adviſe,
Had we been modeſtly and timely wiſe.
Free may you rangle ſaid'ſt thou through every Fiel
And what elſe more Luxurious Gardens yield
Is thine; what e're may pleaſe what e're delight
The weakeſt ſtomach niceſt appetite;
Of all the plenty of ſo Vaſt a ſtore
One thing forbidden is one, and no more,
By late and ſad Experience of what's paſt
Probatum eſt ipſe Dixit: Do not taſt!
Swift Ruins there, and ſure Deſtruction,
How great a Truth had it in time been known.

Weſtminſter

WESTMINSTER GHOST.

VAin empty nothing that were lately all,
How juſt, and how unpitty'd is thy Fall!
Well worthy of the Horrours of this place
That wou'd no warning take by my diſgrace;
Glutted with Plenty, ſurfeited with Peace,
Weary of Bleſſings, ſick of to much eaſe,
Mad, reſtleſs Troublers of our *Iſrael*
Who wou'd not quiet be when things went well;
Of ſeverel baſe deſignes, meer manag'd Tools,
Raſh, unadvis'd, incorrigible Fools;
Brisk Hotſpurs inconſideratly bold
By much too violent, and too hot to hold;
Zeal flew as if 't had been to run a Race,
Duty and reaſon cou'd not keep it's pace:
Inſenſible, Regardleſs of my Fate
Dull *Phrygian* Sages, wiſe when 'tis too late;
You liv'd and then you had an eaſy way
To have provided 'gainſt the Evill day
Who wou'd not then be timely wiſe? forbear
Your vain unreaſonable ſorrows here;
Frailty (for men are frail) may err one time
But malice only can repeat the crime.
Unthinking Senate fed with empty words
Of Patriot Lawyers and proteſting Lords:
Abus'd by popular and miſtaken friends;
Serv'd a dull Property for baſe hidden ends

Liber-

Liberty, Property, Religion,
Sweet names and so is *Reformation.*
Rank sign of sickly and distemper'd times
When fairest names disguise the foulest crimes.
The cry of liberty helpeth Ambition,
And strait-lac'd Conscience quite choaks up Religio
Of publick Int'rest you had no concern;
But damn'd a Proverb, ne're too late to learn,
By no experience taught, miscarriage tam'd
Nor by sad Instance of my Fate reclaim'd.
What prejudice and private Ends ill us'd,
False zeal and like Religion ill excus'd:
Who (stiff neck'd) rather wou'd my Fate repea
Than by new measures be securely great:
No freedom of debate was left for you
When all was mov'd and manag'd by a few.
Your leading *M. J.--s* and *W--ton*
As if all wisdom were in them alone:
A House of Commons crumbled into three;
Slaves in effect, and in appearance Free.
What ail'd the Pilot slept he at the head?
Or was your Judgment by your wills misled?
What evill spirits Influence did prevail
That you who might at large securely Sail
In full Sea, and from all dangers free
Wou'd run upon that shelf that ruin'd me?
These sure and sad effects I well foresaw,
These reall ills which seeming good wou'd draw;
Erom these sad consequences to dissuade
I was sent forth, and gladly I obey'd:

I told you then what now too true I find,
Where zeal flys out, and duty leaves behind,
'Tis wisdoms shame and Policies defect
For still like causes will have like Effect.
I sought by wondrous Truth the point to gain,
Urg'd many Reasons, but urg'd all in Vain:
None were of force against the *Good Old Cause*,
Counsell was thrown away, Fool that I was.
Where men with Law and Prophets wou'd not live
To think a message from the Dead shou'd thrive.
Spight of my foresight, and my dear bought Skill
Cassandra I, you faithless *Pans* are still.
Your boundless passion did no measures keep,
Well might you break your Neck with such a leap:
Men may at Distance over about Kings
And by your Influence move Earthly things
But when those Bounds they wou'd Exceed, and fly
Too neer the Sun scorch'd they drop down, and dy,
What an Occasion lost you to improve
The Princes Favour and the Peoples Love?
This when considering Posterity
Shall think upon, they'l hate your Memory;
And as once antient *Rome*, they in their turn
With you had never dy'd, or ne're been Born;
Shou'd your Successors tread your steps, they then,
Tho they were Gods, like us, shall dye as men.
Oh! may the next, (for sure a next will be)
Avoid the Rock that ruin'd you and me:
Deeply affected with a just Concern
At your sad Fate self-preservation learn;

And

And merit by avoiding needleſs fears
By moderat Councills, and praiſe worthy cares,
A Monarchs bleſſing, and Three Kingdoms Prayers.

Tom, Thins Ghoſt

IN dead of night when the pale Moon
Had got to th' Nocturnall Noon
Betwixt her Light, and what was lent
From twinkling Candle almoſt ſpent,
As I lay ſlumbering on my Bed
I ſaw methought a man was dead,
Gravely he ſtalk't and ſtood and ſtar'd
While I lay trembling and was Scarr'd
Dumb for a while at laſt I broke
Silence and to the Phantoſm ſpoke,
Art thou ſaid I that man of Sin
Or Ghoſt of *Thomas* late Squire *T.*
He ſoon reply'd with Accents hollow
In words conform to theſe that follow.
From the *Tartarean* ſhades below
That neither Bounds nor bottom know
Where a new life, the Curſed gain,
Throw conſtant Torments, Endles pain,
I by permiſſion come to tell
What Goverment there is in Hell,

Becauſe I know thou wert a Tory
To thee I choſe t' impart my ſtory,
For thou wilt Joyfully reveal
What, Whiggs that long for, Common-weal
Like *Spartan* Boyes, wou'd ſtill conceal.
Attend then and my Narrative
Communicate to all alive,
I am the Soul of one of thoſe
That both the *K*-- and Law oppoſe
And Itch' with Conſcientious Scurvey
To turn the Kingdom topſey Turvey,
Rogues that preſume themſelves appointed
To contradict the Lords Anointed,
Thoſe that wou'd murder an Addreſſor
And cut the Legs of true Succeſſor.
And make him look in piteous Caſe
As *Withrington* in Chivy Chaſe,
Nay cut his Throte and in his place
Set *Perking* up of Extract baſe,
Who has no more pretence to Rule
This Land, than any other Fool,
But may make out Il'e Swear as ſoon
A Title to the World ith' Moon,
I was I ſay of that Caball
Till I was murder'd in the Mall ;
You've heard I know of that Barbarity
Hatefull beyond all Bonds of Charity.
Proceed we then with our Relation
Of Action in th' Infernal Nation,

Assist me steed of *Phœbus* Legion
VVhilst I describe the dolefull Region,
One Monarch in that VVorld controuls
VVith flameing Scepter, tortur'd Souls,
And Captive, tho he be in Chains,
Yet absolute Emperour he Reigns.

No Factions there disturb the State
VVhich is preserv'd by steady fate,
Unalterable Laws they have
VVhich the Almighty God-head gave,
And to their Prince ev'n on his Foes
A strict Obedience does Impose.

That Prince is Lucifer, whose power
The Subject Ghosts adore Each hour,
VVho to advance their mighty King
In Blasphemies, his praises sing
Devoutly swearing there's no odds
Betwix this Grandeur and the Gods,
These tho' they suffer 'tis in Vain
Amid'st their Torments to complain,
If he but nod from burning Throne
There's not a Soul that dares to groan,
For Hell admitts of no Petition
To redress Grievance of condition,
Nor do Tumultuous Crowds appear
VVith bold Remonstrances of Fear,
Nor Spirit Murmer at oppression
Nor prate of right or wrong Succession,
Their King Immortall, Oh! 'mong you,
That *Charles* the Second were so too.

I love him now, and tho' a Devil
Am much more honeſt grown and Civil,
For having ta'ne a Drachm of Styx
I have forgot my VVhiggiſh Tricks
Next to the Prince there are that ſtand
Awfully waiting his Command
Belzebub, *Moloch*, *Aſhteroth*, *Baal*,
And *Dagon*, who before their fall
Tho' not condemn'd t' Eternall Night
VVhere *Seraphins* and ſons of Light.
Thoſe curſed Peers when e're he will
If he intends great woe or Ill
To ſons of Earth he quickly can
Summon into his Dark divan,
Not to give Counſell, but to do
VVhat his Dire Dictates Prompts him to.
You have like him, one Noble Peer
VVho wou'd do mighty Service there
VVou'd he were there in ſtead of me
To ſhew his Squinting Policy.
He 'tis I mean that looks at once
Like *Cerberus* from tipple Sconce
But that his Eyes wou'd faſcinate
And give a deſtiny to Fate;
For he I fear wou'd break the Law
By which this world is kept in awe,
Since it is here his chiefeſt Care
To break all Laws that Penall are,
He wou'd go nigh ev'n in this ſtation
To make a new *Aſſociation*.

But if he did, Oh! There are Judges,
In ſtead of Scarlet Cloth with Budges
Not ſuch as theſe in which we trade
But Robes of Solid Darkneſs made,
They'd firk his Toby for take this
For fatal truth, (and ſo it is)
In the proceedings againſt furies
There are no *Ignoramus* Juries,
Plain Evidence is there believ'd
And no convicted Soul repriev'd.
No Mainprize there allow'd nor Bail
But doomn'd to an Eternal Jayl,
The reſtleſs Priſoners howl, and cry
Whilſt they in burning Shackles fry,
Yet in my Conſcience hee'd Endeavour
Eev'n to deceive the great Deceiver,
Or wou'd pretend to Court for Miſtreſs
The fatalleſt oth' Fatal Siſters,
And wou'd ſo wheedle her that ſhee
Shou'd cut the thread of Monarchy,
So wou'd he his dear wiſh obtain
And put an end to *Charles* his Reign,
Nor wou'd he value his Damnation
To keep great *James* from Kingly Station,
Here upon Earth he has a Pug
Which he like Devil & Witch does hug,
For he ne're found his words were true in
Any one thing but his own Ruin,
He *Whilom* told the Yonker he
Shou'd ſway the Britiſh Monarchy,

Of a known Baſtard grown a Prince
But poor deluded *Perkin* ſince,
From fancy'd Honour is degraded
And all his Flowerde-lyſſes faded.
But I degreſs from my Deſign
While things on Earth, and Hell I joyn,
Suffer me then to repreſent
The Methods of our Parliament.
VVhen *Lucifer* to utmoſt borders
Of *Erebus* ſends out his Orders,
His Officers make no delay
But the great Summons ſoon obey,
Unanimouſly they all Elect,
Not ſuch as ſay they will protect,
The Common Peoples Liberty
From their dread Soveraigns Tyranny,
For none his boundleſs Power Queſtions
Or make undutiful Suggeſtions.
But ſuch they are as when th aſſemble
Before his Footſtool bow and tremble,
They come with ſteadfaſt Reſolutions
To aſſert the fatal Conſtitutions,
Nor do they once Capitulate
Or grumble to maintain the State
All that they have to him they owe
Mammon beſides is his they know,
There is no Sawcy well clad Clown
That claims the uſe of what's his own,
Nor can from Helliſh mouth ſuch ſin come
As to deny him his own Income.

There no Abhorror on their Knees,
Pay *Topham*'s Arbitrary Fees.
Nor bawling Lawyers Speakers make
Which only with the Vulgar take.
But hark! I hear the Midnight Bell,
And that rings my Departing Knel.
What I have said pray con it o'e,
Next time we meet Ile tell thee more.

Sejanus,

OR THE

Popular Favourite

IS this thy Glory now? Is this thy Pride
Of sticking to the Saints and Godly side?
Religious Bugbear words that fright from hence,
From Subjects, all their Loyalty to Prince,
Make black Rebellion seem white Innocence.
Entitle Heaven to the Vilest Crimes,
Make Deity, like Rabble, blame the Times.
Mad Zealots! so Atheistically Civil,
Blaspheme the Gods to Complement the Devil.

The

The mightieſt of theſe inſpir'd Saints is come,
To Crown himſelf with fancy'd Marterdom.
Geneva Whig that ſtill cry's out at *Rome*,
But raiſes ſtill Domeſtick Broyls at home.
How quietly Great *Charles* might end his Reign
Which all in troubles the Dear Prince began,
Now vext by Ghoſt mere ſhadow of a Man.
The cunning Hypocrite that ſtill can Spy
The ſmalleſt mote in his kind Princes Eye,
By Zeal and Nature made ſo double blind,
That in his own the Beam he cannot find:
Some ſay but one vaſt Luminary ſtands,
In's furrow'd Brow, and watches all the Land.
But ſunk into it's hole, crept out of ſight,
As if it were afraid to ſee the Light.
His Scull's too narrow Circle can't contain,
His Towring thought and vaſt Gigantick Brain.
Blinded again with hopes of Reformation,
Poor little *Polyphemus* of the Nation.
That mighty Monſter brav'd the riſing Flood,
And this can wade throw a whole Sea of Blood.
How hath this wretched Iſle been chang'd and curſt
Since thou were't born in't, and it knew thee firſt.
How did its tributary Rivers pay
A bloudy dreadful Homage to the Sea!
Whilſt on the purple Ocean thou didſt ride,
And tack about with every Wind and Tide.
This floating Bark he now again would Steer,
Ah! treacherous Pilot! and falſe Mariner.

The Kingdoms yet ſcarce mended Hulk to ſave,
Wou'd launch again into the Purple Wave.
Religious Bully that can cheat a Nation,
And make it periſh working out Salvation.
Three Kingdoms he o're looks, and ſoon can Count,
The Tories all from *Barwick* to the Mount.
Sifts Cittys, Shires, to know what Each afford,
Calls this tantivy, that proteſting Lord.
Sees what grave Noddle's for Caballing fit,
And who are Bromigems of Sence and Wit.
Old *Ovids* Muſe from hence may take her flights,
Her *Argus* only had an hundred lights.
This little Monſtrous Corps is Eye all o're,
And the whole Body ſees at every pore.
Sees hatching thoughts meer Embrio of a Plot,
Nay ſees it oft before it be begot:
If well corrected for his Inſolence,
The little Spannil fawns upon his Prince.
But once eſcap'd the Ax, or fatal loops,
Straight to the dull unthinking Rable ſtoops,
Puft up with the vain blaſt of Vulgar Breath
The ſmall State Urchins hurry to their Death,
So the kind Air with an officious blaſt
Toſſes poor Bubbles to the Clouds at laſt,
Dances the little Globe about the Sky;
Then breaks the glittering Ball it fan'd ſo high,
So *Romes* fair darling once that govern'd all
With the Inconſtant Rout did ſtand or fall:
Th' obliged Camp their General did Crown,
Then dragg'd his ragged Carcaſe throw the Town.

Weak

Weak Tools! that think they may ſecurely flee
On the looſe Wings of wild Inconſtancy,
Or on its Metaphor the Mobile.
Diſguſted by the Rout this cunning wight
Runs cringing to his Injur'd Monarch ſtraight,
Whoſe goodneſs is too ready to forgive
Faulty alone in ſuffering him to live.
Advanc'd to follow Mace, and wear a Gown
The *Tony* then ſaw Mutineers in Town,
But now they all True Proteſtants are grown.
Whilſt he unto it's Chambers can reſort
There's naught alas! of Popery at Court,
Clap the Prophetick Soul but in the Tower
It ſtraight divines of Arbitrary Power,
Nor leaves the Rout, and then as ſoon as able
Leaves his good Prince juſt as he left the Rabble.
This buſy Noddle of the Factious Crew
(The Badg of upſtart Whigs muſt ſtill be new)
With his green bob in his new Senate ſits
And round him all thoſe Livery Men of Wits,
Some raiſe a name, and ſome inſert a Clauſe
Order their Bills themſelves and Vote 'em Laws,
With awful care ſome Scriblers Penning be
A Speech for Siſter *Scotlands* Liberty,
'Gainſt *Lotherdales* unbounded Tyranny.
There a Young Scribe is coppying out a Cant
Next Morn for to be ſpoke in Parliament,
Upſtarts an Hector, Swears upon a Book,
Gad you ſhall ſee we will Exclude the Duke,

They

Then brings a Bill 'gainſt Arbitrary Pow'r
And that will ſend a Member to the Tower,
One Votes him to be cenſured on his Knees,
This cries diſcharge, that let him pay his Fees,
And in the little Club you fairly ſee
Of the great Senate an Epitome.

Our ſad Diſtracted *Albion* gaz'd around
She ſaw no Foe, but ſtill ſhe felt a wound,
The bleeding Dear thus trembling ſtands at bay,
But can't find where the cloſe hid Archer lay.
As on the winding Banks, and watery Maze
Where fam'd *Meander* cuts her crooked ways,
The loſt diſtracted Traveller doth gaze.
At laſt kind Fate or Providence doth bring
The poor Deſpairing Soul unto the Spring,
So ſome kind Angel, genius of this Iſle
VVhere peace alaſs! with thee cou'd never ſmile,
Hath taught us now to make her flouriſh ſtill
Shew'n us the hidden ſource of all her Ill,
Reaſon the Plummet, with the Line ſhall be
Both ſtretch'd to Fathom, and to meaſure thee,
Lead throw the Labyrinth of all thy tricks
All the wild Mazes of thy Politicks.

THE
Whig Caball.

TH' ſullen night worn threadbare when I lay
Expecting the Approach of Early Day:
Such Loyal thoughts did in my Boſom rage.
As drew my Curſes on this Factious Age:
With tears I mourn'd our ſinking Countrys Fate,
And ſhadow'd glory of the Royal State.
Till ſlumbering at the laſt a glimmering Light,
Methought was ſhown to my Myſterious Sight.
When I deſcry'd a Treaſonous damn'd Caball,
Hells mounting Engines that wou'd ſink us all,
And riſe upon our King and Countrys fall.
Dark were their Looks and knowingly I ſaw
Villains they were and ſuch as fled the Law:
Printers, and thoſe who had abuſ'd the times,
Religion was their Cloak to hide their Crimes,
Envious as Eiends, like Hells Divan they ſate,
What wou'd Hell more? to ruin Church and State.
So vile as theſe it never cou'd appear,
Had the great *Whigland Lucifer* been there.
When in an abrupt Voice I heard one Cry,
Rome's Idoll *York* ſhan't gorge our Liberty.

Rowz up my friends, our Ruin's more then fear'd
Their Bulls do roar so lowd we can't be heard.
With that he paus'd--then said with much Distress,
What shall we do? the Tyde of our Success
Now seems to Ebb, nor can we hope for less.
For even those will now believe no more
Our shams who judg'd them Miracles before.
Interest's our hook, and Freedom is the Bait,
Bondage but nam'd, you'l see Rebellion Straight.
Each weak pretence deceives the Easy Crowd,
With them 'tis Law what is by us allow'd,
But shallow are our Plots to searching Eyes,
They see what Mischeifs at the Bottom Lyes.
Our Sh'riffs and Juryes for their ends applause,
With Ignoramus Riots prop our Cause,
They doubt of peace from those that break the Laws.
There our Designes are Desp'rat and so croft,
Bold the Attempt must be to gain what's lost.
Zealous Rebellion must secure us all,
We cannot fail while we pretend a Call.
With that like Fiends they Vanish'd, and I woke,
Whilst all amaz'd and troubled thus I spoke.

O wretched Land! how prov'd thy cureing vain?
Sign thy old wound is breaking out again.
The whole's Endanger'd by th' Infected part,
But Heav'n instruct our great Physitians Art.
Theres one way left to heal this desp'rat Wound,
Cut off the Rotten for to save the Sound.

Were

Were there no Cauſe for this now needful blow,
Religious peace then throwgh the Land wou'd (Flow
So *Jehu Sion* purg'd, and faith did grow.
But let's unite with pious Joy to ſing,
Health to the beſt-----to *Englands* gracious King.
Bleſt may he bee, his Queen and Royall Bed,
And bleſs great *James* whilſt all their Foes ly Dead
So we at laſt ſhall bruiſe the Serpents Head.

THE
Preſbyterian Club,

AS 'tother day *Dick*, *Harry*, *Tom*, and I,
At th' Tavern ſate in wine and mirth rais'd (high
As round the Boord the Chearful Brimmer went,
And *Charles* his health was drunk with one Conſent
The Duke of *York*'s by Birthright next Enſu'd,
Confuſion to all thoſe who wou'd Exclude.
Thus went the Claret round till up the ſtairs,
The Drawer came laden with Stools and Chairs.
His Burthen thrice he did renew when I
(To ſatisfy my Curioſity,
Asking the Reaſon of his Task,) was told
The Saints to night a Canventicle hold

The Room was large, well stor'd with Chairs & Stools,
Pitty 'twas to be fill'd anon with Fools,
We Torys big with Expectation wait
As well to see 'em as to hear 'em prate,
When usher'd up in long procession came
Baxter with many more too long to name,
Their looks, their dress, was such you wou'd have thought
They really had practis'd what they taught,
With starch lawn Band, and hats right gravely set
Had you but seen 'em, you had thought they'd met
There to set up a thorow Reformation
When 'twas it seems only for Recreation,
Now round the Table all in Order sate
Baxter at th' upper end as chief in State,
For Pride is to th' Elect as natural
As to the Devil 'twas before his fall,
Mean while the Brethren drink till warm with wine
They all to Treasonable talk encline,
And in each glass the Kings Destruction vow
The King nere more their Enemy than now.
Thus still the Zealous glass went round, whom one
With lift up hands and gogling Eyes begun,
I thought him by his Bawling *Farringdon.*
Half drunk to make a Godly speech, and cry
Oh Lord!

When will thou put an end to Tyranny?
When wilt thou free us from our Tyrants hands
And settle on us all the Bishops Lands?

For

For tho Lawn Sleeves and Gowns are an offence
We with the Churches Livings cou'd dispence,
Nay verily I think I cou'd submit
To any thing, but Popery, to get,
The Dioceſs of *Wincheſter* I ſay,
I wou'd the Churches liveing were our prey,
Nay I pray dayly God wou'd make 'em ſo
For I have little elſe with Prayer to do,
And tho the K. (good Man) be vainly lead
Ith' crooked path of Wickedneſs to tread,
'Tis Charity to wiſh the Tyrant Dead.
Wou'd he were mounting, nay I wiſh he were
Already crown'd in his Triumphant Chair,
That he from thence might ſee us act below
Deeds that our once Lov'd *Cromwell* ſhall outdo,
Such deeds as even his Ghoſt ſhall fear to ſee
While Satan trembles at our Tyranny,
Leaſt coming thither we their Peace deſtroy
And with inteſtin VVars his Relms annoy,
Leaſt we by force ſhou'd their old Laws repeal
And ſpight of Empire for a Common-weal,
Thus ſpake the Reverend Pimp with ſober hum
They as amazement had 'em all ſtruck dumb,
Did ſilently applaud the ſpeech, whilſt he
As in Arrears did ſwallow Brimmers three.

And now the hour of ten drew nigh, 'twas time
To part, leaſt ſtaying prove a Godly crime,
Then being drunk, for all of 'em were ſo,
B---r himſelf cou'd not uprightly go,

Tho'

Tho' he had much the odds of all the reſt
Who in's ſheeps Cloathing fed a greedy Beaſt,
Making the Scripture Prophecy prove good
Which ne're till now was rightly underſtood.

Thus they, (and time it was) the houſe Depart
For I their Abſence wiſh'd with all my heart,
Thus do the Saints ſolace themſelves, and thus
They act thoſe Crimes which they abhor in us.

THE

True Presbyterian

Without Diſguiſe

A Presbyter is ſuch a Monſtrous thing
That Loves Democraſy and hates a King,
For Royal Iſſue never making Prayers
Since Kingdoms as he thinks ſhou'd have no Heirs,
But ſtand Elective, that the holy Crew
May (when their Zeal tranſports them) chuſe a
(new,

And is ſo ſtrongly grounded in belief
That Antichriſt his coming will be brief,

As

As he dares ſwear (if he dares ſwear at all)
The Quakers are ordain'd to make him fall,
From whence he grows impatient, and he ſays
The wiſeſt Counſels are but fond Delays,
To hold him lingring in deluded hope,
Elſe long e're this he had ſubdu'd the Pope.
A Presbyter is he whoſe heart doth hate
The Man (how good ſo e're) advance'd in State,
And finding his Diſeaſe a Leproſy
Doth Judg that all in Courts *Geheſi's* be ;
Whiſt he himſelf in Bribery is loſt
And lyes for gain unto the holy Ghoſt,
When tho' in ſhew he ſeems a grave *Tobias*
He is within a very *Ananias*,
The lay-prophane name (Lord) he hates, and ſays
It is th' approaching ſign of the laſt days,
For Church-men to be ſtiled ſo, nay more,
'Tis Uſher to the *Babylonian* Whore,
The Biſhops Habits with the Tip and Rochets
Beget in him ſuch fancies and ſuch Crochets,
That he believes it is a thing as Evil
To look on them as to behold the Devil,
And for the Government Epiſcopal
That he condemns to be the worſt of all,
Becauſe the primeſt times did ſuffer no man
To' exalt himſelf, for all was held in Common,
Yet 'tis moſt ſtrange when he is moſt Zeal-ſick
Nothing can cure him but a Biſhopriek,
Where once Inveſted proves without all ſcope
Inſulting boundleſs more than any Pope,

A Presbyter is he that's never known
To think on others good besides his own,
And all his Doctrine is of hope and Faith,
For Charity, 'tis Popery he saith:
And is not only silent in good works,
But in his practice too Resembles Turks.
The Churches Ornaments, the Ring of Bells
(Can he get Power) 'tis ten to one he sells,
For his well tuned Ears cannot abide
A Jangling noise, but when his Neighbours chide
A Presbyter is he that never Prays
But all the World must hear him what he says;
And in that fashion too, that all may see
He is an open Modern Pharisee.
The Name of Sabbath still he keeps, 'tis true,
But so he is less Christian more a Jew,
Nor settled form of Prayer his Zeal will keep
But Preacheth all his purer Flock asleep,
To study what to say, were for to doubt
Of a presumed Grace to hold him out.
And to be learn'd is too too human thought,
Th' Apostles all he says were men untaught,
And thus he proves it for the best to be
A simple Teacher of Divinity.
The Reverence which Ceremony brings
Into the Sacred Church his Conscience stings,
Which is so void of Grace and so ill bent,
That kneel he will not at the Sacrament,
But sits more like a Judg then like a Sinner,
And takes it just as he recieves his Dinner.

Thus

Thus do his ſaucy poſtures ſpeak his Sin,
For as without ſuch is his heart within.
A Presbyter is he who doth defame
Thoſe Reverend Anceſtors from whence he came,
And like a graceleſs Child above all other
Denies Reſpect unto the Church his Mother,
His Choſen Proteſtants he ſcorns, as men
Not ſav'd, becauſe they are not Brethren,
And leſt his Doctrine ſhou'd be counted new,
He wears an ancient Beard to make it true.
A Presbyter is he who thinks his Place
At every Table is to ſay the Grace,
When the good Man or when his Child hath paid
And thanks to God for King and Realm hath ſaid,
He then ſtarts up and thinks himſelf a Debtor
Till he doth cry (I pray you thank God better,)
When long he prays for every living thing
But for the Catholick Church, and for the King.
A Presbyter is he wou'd wondrous fain
Be call'd Diſciple by the holy Train,
Which to be worthy of, hee'l ſtray and Err
Ten Miles to hear a ſilenc'd Miniſter:
He loves a Veſper Sermon, hates a Martin,
And he deteſts the Fathers nam'd in Latin,
And as he *Fryday*, *Sunday* makes in Dyet,
Becauſe the King and Canons do deny it,
The ſelf ſame nature makes him to repair
To week day Lectures, more then Sunday Prayer,
And as the Man muſt needs in all things Err
He ſtarves his Parſon, crams his Lecturer,

A Presbyter is he whose heart is bent
To cross the Kings designs in Parliament.
Where whilst the place of Burgess he doth bear,
He thinks he owes but small Allegiance there,
But stands at Distance at some higher thing,
Like a *Lycurgus*, or a kind of King.
Then as in Errant times bold Knights were wont
To seek out Monsters, and Adventures hunt,
So with his Wit and Valour he doth try,
How the Prerogative he may defy.
Thus he attempts and first he fain would know,
If that the Soveraign Power be new, or no:
Or if it were not fitter Kings should be
Confin'd unto a limitted Degree.
And for his part like a *Plebeian* state,
Where th' poor Mechanicks freely may debate
All matters at their pleasure, not confin'd
To this, or that, but as they cause do find;
When tho' that every Voice against him go,
Hee'l slay the Gyant with his Single, No.
He in his Heart, tho' at a poor Expence,
Abhors a gift that's call'd Benevolence.
For as his Mind, so is his Bounty bent,
And still unto the King Malevolent.
He is the Statesman, just enough, precise,
The nearest Government to Scandalize.
Nor like a Drunkard when he doth Expose
In secret underneath the silent Rose,
To use his Freedom when the pot might bear,
The faults which closely he commited there.

But, *Shimei* like, to all the Men he meets,
He ſpews his Frantick Venom in the ſtreets:
And tho' he ſayes the ſpirit moves him to it,
The Devil is that Spirit made him do it.

A Presbyter is he (els there is none,)
That thinks the King will change Religion.
His doubtful thought like to the Moon-blind Eyes,
Makes the Beaſt ſtart at every ſhape he Spyes.
And what his fond miſtaken fancy Breed,
He does believe as firmly as the Creed.
From whence he doth proclaim a faſt to all,
That he allows to be Canonicall,
And then he Conſecrates a Secret Room,
Where none but the Elected Siſters come.
When being met doth Treaſon boldly Teach,
And will not Faſt and Pray, but Faſt and Preach:
Then ſtrains a Text whereon he may Relate,
The Churches Danger, Diſcontent of State,
And hold them there ſo long in fear & doubt
That ſome do think 'tis Danger to go out.
Beleiving if they hear the Cieling Crack,
The Biſhops are behind them at their Back.
And ſo they ſit bewaling one another,
Each groaning Siſter howling to her Brother.

A Presbyter is he has womens Fears,
And yet will ſet the whole world by th' Ears:
Hee'l rail in publick if the King deny
To let the Quarrell of the *Spaniard* die.
He ſtorms to hear in *France* the VVars ſhou'd ceaſe
And that by Treaty there ſhould be a peace.

For ſure ſaith he the Church doth Honour want,
VVhen 'tis not truly called Militant,
And in plain truth as far as I can find,
He bears the ſelf ſame Treaſonable Mind
As does the Jeſuit, for tho' they be
Tongue Enemies, in ſhew their Hearts agree.
And both profeſſed foes alike conſent,
Both to betray th' Anointed Innocent.
For tho their Manners differ, yet they aim,
That either may the King or Kingdom maim.
The difference is this way underſtood,
One in Sedition, 'tother deals in Blood.
Their Characters abridg'd if you will have,
Each ſeems a Saint, yet either proves a Knave.

THE

THE DISSENTER.

VVHat! ſhall a gorious Nation be o're (thrown
By Troops of ſneaking Raſcals of our own?
Muſt Civil and Eccleſiaſtick Laws,
Once truckle more under the Good old Cauſe?
Shall theſe ungrateful Varlets think to Live,
Only to clip Royal Prerogative?
Shall all our Blood turn whey whilſt we do ſee,
Men both affront, and ſtab the Manarchy?
I'm all inflam'd with a poetick Rage,
And will chaſtiſe the follies of the Age.
Thoughts crow'd ſo faſt upon me I muſt Write,
Till I've diſplay'd the gaudy Hypocrite.
He's one that ſcarcely can be call'd a Man,
And yet's a pious holy Chriſtian.
He's big with ſaving Faith (he ſays) yet, He
Has Not one ſpark of Common Charity.
'Gainſt Reaſon he perpetually VVhines,
Becauſe it contradicts his black Deſigns.
He diſeſteems dull Morals, for a Saint,
My well belov'd Brethren muſt not want

Soul warming thoughts; so warm that they did dwell,
First in the Womb, then in the Breasts of Hell.
He flouts the Common Prayer, yet the poor Fool,
Himself, not them, does turn to ridicule,
He hates a Form, yet loves his dear Nonsence;
Nauseats his God with his Impertinence.
With Eyes turn'd up, Mouth screw'd, and Monkey Face
He loudly Bawls to God for saving Grace.
With Mien so base and scurvy as if even
His Apish postures only wou'd please Heaven.
And then his snivelling tone to the most High,
He does conclude his Curious Melody.
If things succeed not as his Humour Wou'd,
He strait grows angry, and he huffs his God:
And this (as if God knew not what to do)
And that wou'd have been for thy Glory too.
Then mufled in his Cloak *Roger* begins
In's Sermon to dawb forth Soul killing Sins.
Murder, and theft, and pride, and Gluttony, &c.
Which in their Lives none more Applauds then He,
Yet if you do survey the List with Care,
You'l quickly find Rebellion is hid there.
And when hee's prest to Dutys for some Hours,
He ne're puts in? Obey the Higher Powers,
At Surplice and Lawn sleeves he takes offence,
Because they are the Types of Innocence,
For that he hates, and with it Men of Sense,

The

The Reverend Prelate he ſtill Villifies,
'Cauſe they detect his curſed Villanies.
Hand them they Bark, come let us pull them down
For this ſame Mitre does ſupport the Crown.
They'r the Kings trueſt friends, yet thought it good
To drown his Kingdom in a Sea of Blood.
They the Kings Perſon wou'd protect they ſaid,
Yes, yes, forſooth, by Cutting off his Head.
And this they did, inſpir'd by Zeal alone,
To faſten Chriſt in his Triumphant Throne.
As if Damn'd Lyes, falſe Oathes, and Baſe Deceit,
Propt up his Throne and made him truly Great.
As if the Devil himſelf that acted them,
Did bring the Luſtre to his Diadem.
Nay they go on yet with the ſame Intents,
By Molding to their Minds new Parliaments,
Some of the Great they by their whimſeys guide
To like their Treaſon, and to 'ſteem their Pride.
In other things like Methods they purſue,
For ev'n the Sh'riffs muſt be Fanaticks too.
The Judges too they'd to their Party gain,
Did they want either Honeſty or Brain.
And when their wheedling Tricks do fail on theſe
They poiſon ſoon ſome Country Juſtices.
Then had they once the dear Militia,
They'd mount the Saddle, and make *Charles* obey.
Thus firſt they'd make him but a very Straw,
And then at laſt Controul and give him Law.
In fine they are the foes of Royal State,
Order is the great Object of their Hate.

Nor

Nor God nor Men theſe Furies ſeek to pleaſe,
They'd bruiſe the Crown, and Tear our Surplices.
They'd undermine the Churches Harmony,
And ride a full Career to Popery.
They all Mankind, except themſelves, Deſpiſe,
Chiefly the great for being Good and Wiſe.
Some Subtile have, and ſome have Giddy Souls,
Some Fools, ſome Knaves, and ſome are Knaves and Fools.
Theſe Vermin wou'd ev'n the beſt things Command
And ſuck up all the Sweetneſs of the Land.

THE
Sollicitous Citizen

CONtinuall Hubbub, and the noiſe of *PLOT*,
Idle ſuſpicions of he knows not what,
The Pope, the Devil, and the French three years,
Have *Citt* enſlav'd to Jealouſies and Fears,
Nor any proſpect yet of Peace appears.
Bandy'd about 'twixt Credit and Deſpair,
Who's ſafe (he crys) while ſuch Deſigns there are?
And what is more peplexing can't tell where,
No, tho' of late he to his ſide have got
TITUS, that Devil at cold ſcent of *PLOT*.

But

But the poor Cur at *Oxford* loſt his fame,
Where he Ran Counter to's eternal ſhame;
There the baſe Man Diſloyal and Unjuſt
A Second time prov'd Traytor to his Truſt,
In vain from him Diſcoveries you hope,
Till he the whole confeſſes in a Rope.
But this to *Citt* no ſatisfaction gives,
He's ſtill uneaſie, and in Fear he lives,
Cryes there are others who can find out Plots,
(And make perhaps) as well as Dr. *Oates*;
Says wiſer Heads than his the City Rule
(Or elſe I'd ſaid each *Citt* had been a Fool)
Say what you will we will ſecure our Home,
Be all in Readyneſs at Beat of Drum,
Who knows how ſoon the K. of *France* may come?
The Guards each night, you'd ſplit to ſee the Farce,
(Like Rattle Snakes, with Bandaliers at A----
Ty'd to long Swords, and dreſt in Greaſy Buff,
Majeſtick Porters) through the City Huff;
While Leader, Fore-horſe like, the Pageant makes
With formal ſtrut, and gaudy Toſſell ſhakes.
In this brave Pomp they walk to Rendezvouze,
And there from Nine to Six ſecurely bouze,
In damn'd *Mundungus*, and as naſty *Nantz*,
They Curſe the Pope and Huff the K. of *France*.
Does but poor VVhore about their Quarters budge,
Whom unkind Stars do force till Ten to Trudge,
Strait bruſtling *Myrmidon* cries, who comes there?
Stand or I'le Fire; or ſtir a foot that dare.

Raiſes

Raiſes the Guards, (for ſuch Alarms are Common
Two hundred Men to ſeize on one poor Woman)
Why here ſo late (cryes Leader) on what ſcore,
What are you, I'm a Woman, you're a Whore,
And fellow Buff-Coats, a ſuſpicious one,
For ought I know, the VVhore of *Babylon*,
As you ſay, Captain it may be Pope *Joan*.

Such Fears as theſe our Mighty Dons of War
Perform to ſhew the VVorld how much they dare,
But here dull *Cit* is out in's Policy
VVhile he on VVoman doth his Manhood try,
Credulous Aſs! there's no more groſs miſtake
Citizens Wives Beaſts of their Husbands make,
Believe me *Cit* thoud'ſt better far Neglect
The Plots abroad, and thoſe at home Inſpect
Thou need'ſt not fear the Jeſuits, but the Leagues
Of VVife with Courtier, *Iſlington* Intreagues.
VVas it well known to each contented Sot
VVhat don at home, how *Jacky* was begot,
Hee'd be more jealous of his VVife then th' Plot

But of all Pates, *Cit* has the ſofteſt one,
The better (crys the VVife) to graft upon,
But he by ſuch dam'd dullneſs is undon.
VVhile on him Every Raſcal puts a trick,
Care, *Curtis*, *Baldwin*, and Seditious *Dick*,
Such Rogues as theſe do ſtill ſuſpicions give,
And make new Plots that no man can believe,
One makes him hope, another makes him fear
Juſt like four Maſty Dogs upon one Bear,

VVho

VVho knows not which the true or falſe to call,
But honeſtly, dull Soul, believes them all,
Theſe are the Knaves who make the *Cits* ſuſpect
Their Prince that he their ſafty does neglect,
VVhoſe only care, (Heaven knows) is to protect.
Theſe are the Villains who our Jarrs encreaſe,
Nor till they're hang'd can we e're hope for Peace,
Each Cobler's Stateſman-grown, and the bold Rabble
Convert each Ale-houſe-board to Council Table,
One Cenſures this, another blames that faſhion,
And thus they ſettle the Affairs oth' Nation,
On Votes and Councils are their Judgments paſt,
And in what form they pleaſe Affairs they caſt,
Thus *Colledg* did, but he was hang'd at laſt.

Iter

Iter Boreale.

After long practis'd Malice in the South,
Brutus (the Peoples Ear, the Peoples Mouth)
At length moſt prudently has Sally'd forth,
And cautiouſly retir'd to his *North*.
His Poyſon he has left behind in *London*,
By whoſe Infection *Whigland*'s Chiefs are undon.
Charter lies bleeding, Ecchoing Orphans crys
Reach Heaven, whilſt the guilty Cauſer flies.
Whole Corporation ſuffers for Believing
Sneaksby who but one Garret had to live in.
Yet had he had his Arbitrary Swing
Wou'd all our Nobles to his Nine-pence bring.
Wou'd curtail Monarchs and by grand Debate
Reduce Great *Britain* to an *Hamburg-State*,
(For *Eighty Two* ſhou'd be as *Forty Eight*.)
But ſince great Ends by Providence are croſs'd,
And *Jeſuit-Whig* Deſigns in Blanket's toſs'd,
Since Jurors muſt no longer be forſworn,
Nor private Sence 'gainſt Solemn Oath Suborn,
Since *Oats* Depoſals are Immortaliz'd,
And *Elliot* ſtill remains Uncircumcis'd;
Since Loyalty muſt take and All are for't,
Since *Pomfret* Eloquence won't take at Court,

Since

Since Ryots for the Publick-Weal can't be
Secure without Invading Royalty;
And Legal Bearings up againſt the Power,
In Peoples Right, force *Demagogues* to th' Tower.
Since all the Juice of *Tony*'s Tap's quite ſpent,
Which ſuckled long both *good old Cauſe* and *Trent*,
(For ſome who this way look are that way bent)
Since *Bacon*'s Brazen Head fix'd on his Shoulders,
TIME WAS-------
Can only ſay to Property Upholders.
Since Legal Monarchy muſt rule the Roſt,
And care determin'd is to keep his poſt,
Since Envy, Hatred, Malice do ſmall feats,
Party detected in all holy Cheats:
Thouſands of Guineys can't have Influence
On him who hath of Loyalty due ſence,
Since neither *Wapping* Treats, nor VVhigshead Clubs
Aſſert the Right of *Perkin* or the Tubs,
Since truth, and only truth muſt now prevail,
Maugre St. *Tony's* Tap or *Stephens* Flail,
And *Brutus* lately *Londons* Demagogue
No Office has but where Men Diſembogue,
'Tis time, high time to quit that hated place
VVhere nought but Loyal muſt, dare ſhew its face,
So Fiends Aſſociate VVizards ſtill forſake,
Cajoll'd with hopes untill they come to ſtake,
Thus inmate Rats who firſt eſpy the flaw
In Ruinous Buildings prudently widraw,
Neſwells VVhig Babells fall, & parting ſeems to ſay,
Periſh ye with your Cauſe ſo I be out oth' way.

THE

THE MAD-MENS HOSPITAL, OR Presbyterian Itch.

I.

OH happy Soil, unhappily poſſeſs'd,
Your Natives now invade your Sacred peace,
And that Religion we all profeſs'd,
Muſt now by Exterpation ſucceaſe:
Our Laws are broken, Birthrights ta'en away,
Baniſh'd or Murder'd Innocents betray.

II.

This Hell bred Change hath Reformation brought,
By bold Interpritation of Text;
VVhat was believ'd, and our Forefathers taught.
By new dark Lanthorn Lights is now perplext.
New Government's ſet up, the Rabble ſee
A way to Rule the Church and Monarchy.

III.

Oh treble damn'd! Rebbles to God and King,
Who firſt put Arms into the *Round-Heads* hands,
Taught them to know their Brutiſh ſtrength, who bring
A right of Levelling to all Mens Lands.

Like

Like Hounds unhunted left to their own Chase,
Seize all that cross their way, Noble or Base.

VI.

They love the King as School boys Masters love,
Let them do what they will; How good a Man;
Correct them he's a Tyrant, none above,
If they admit; then Govern them that can.
Break up the School, A *Common-Wealth* their Cry's,
Learning hath Fool'd the World, and taught us Lyes.

V.

Thus in this wilfull, and presuming Age,
Where Reasons Blinded with Opinion,
For currant Truth upheld by th' Peoples Rage.
They Spurn at Truth, and true Religion.
Those Beast like Rights, which greater Beasts per-
swade,
Are the false Opticks of their Cheating Trade.

VI.

Poor Country Men! the whole worlds hate or scorn
Led by a creeping *Will ih' Wisp's* false Fire,
Like him to Malice and to Mischiefs born,
Leads you to perish in a poyson'd Mire.
Pride made a Devil, what is't made thee so?
Malice: So coupled both together go.

VII.

But tell me yet Madmen have Intervalls,
What end do you propose? suppose your Plot,
Shou'd take effect that Pallaces and Halls,
The King, the Duke, Lords, Papists and who not

Shou'd in one Ruin fall what would Succeed?
Cutting of Throats make one another Bleed!

VIII.

For the great King will not descend to reign,
You (in his Members) Crucify him here;
In time compleat when he will come again,
'Twill be to your Confusion, and Fear:
Order Supports the World, nothing can stand
Without it; Beasts have Order and Command.

IX.

These very Sects who now together joyn,
Will then divide, and each their Claim advance.
This is the Truth I hold, that Lordship's Mine,
'Tis false, 'tis not, 'tis for the K. of *France*,
For when that one anothers Blood we draw,
'Tis time a third shou'd come to give us Law.

State

STATE CASES
PUT TO
Jack Presbyter,

Jack if you have one Grain of Sence,
That's free from pride and Impudence,
Say something in your own Defence.
But Lye not.

VVhy doſt thou make our Blood recoil,
VVith noiſe of Plots and Popiſh Guile,
VVhile you're the Traytor all the while.
And Bygot?

VVhy doſt thou brood upon the Plot,
To hatch the Miſchiefs *Room* cou'd not,
And play th' old Game? but we have caught
Ie Napping!

VVhy did the little *Dorſet* Eel,
To make the Brain ſick Crowd Rebel,
Sad ſtorys in the *City* tell,
And Wapping?

What did the weſtern progreſs mean,
When a fine Duke did march between,
Gray and *Tommy* to be ſeen.
Oth' Women?

How Country Protestants did run,
To Gaze upon a Royall Son.
God bless him or wee'le quite undone
For Freemen.

What meant *Ben: Harri's* Appeal
So full of Loyalty and Zeal,
VVas it not written for to heal
Our Breaches?

VVhy did the Commons house Address
And move the King that hee'd Release
The Villain from the *Marshalsea*
And Gratis?

And prethe *Jack* did'st never hear
The famous Speech of Noble Peer
Stuft with true protestants, and bare
Fac'd Treason?

VVhy were so many Thousands Spread
That every post Town packets had,
VVithout one penny for 'em paid,
Th' Reason?

Why did the perjur'd Jury Save
The little Elephantine Knave,
And on the Bills back side Engrave,
Ignoramus?

Jurys are now a Town Trepan,
A Tory Trap they know their Man
This *Jack* we plainly say, nor can
You Blame us.

Why

Why did you ſtickle Tooth and Nayl
The penall Statutes to repeal
When you your ſelves wou'd never deal
Such Meaſure?

But did inhumanly impoſe
On all you Judg'd Diſſenting Foes,
Heavy Mulcts and heavier Blows,
At Pleaſure.

Why did the Knights and Burgers Vote
No Man ſhou'd lend the King a Groat
Tho' good Security were brought
And Royal?

But oh! that *Brittain*'s Majeſty
Is never to be truſted, why,
Confounded *Jack*, was that ſaid? I
Defyall.

VVhy do you ſuffer *Janeway*
And *Curtis* factious Lyes to ſay,
And Hireling *Care* the Devills *Ama-*
Nuenſis.

VVhy doth the Packet of Advice
And proteſtant true Mercuries
Scare Folks with weekly Forgeries
To Frenzies?

And yet you Eaſily can ſpy
In *Rogers* works ſtate Hereſy
And Popery and all in *He-*
Raclitus

Jack if you will these Scruples weigh
And any thing in answer say,
To Query once again it may.

Invite us

THE

Geneva Litany.

FRom the Tap in the Guts of the Honourable Stump,
From which runs Rebellion, that stinks like the Rump,
On purpose to leaven the Factious Lump,
Libera nos Domine.

From him that aspires as high as the Crown,
And vows to pull Copes and Cathedrals down,
Fit only to govern the World in the Moon,
Libera nos.

From the Prick-ear'd *Levite*, that can without pain
Swear black into white, then deny it again;
Whose Name did design him a Villain in Grain,
Libera nos.

From

From his Black-Bills, and Pilgrims with Sticks in (their hands
That came to make up a Religious Band,
Then Raviſh our Wives, and Inhabit our Land,
Libera nos.

From the Mouth of the City, that never gives o'r
To complain of Oppreſſions unheard-of before,
And yet for his Letchery will not quit ſcore,
Libera nos.

From the *Cent per Cent* Scriv'ner, and every State- (trick;
That rails at Intemp'rance, who yet will not ſtick
To clear a young Spend thrift's Eſtate at a lick,
Libera nos.

From the Force and the Fire of the Inſolent Rabble,
That wou'd hurl the Government into a *Babel*,
And from the nice Fare of the Mouſe-ſtarver's Table,
Libera nos.

From the Elder in *New-ſtreet*, that does Goggle (and Cant,
Then turns up his Whites, to noſe it, and pant,
And at the ſame time plays Devil and Saint,
Libera nos.

From *Jenkin's Homilies* drawn through the Noſe,
From *Langley*, *Dick*, *Baldwin*, and all ſuch as thoſe,
And from Brawny *Settles* his *Poem* in *Proſe*,
Libera nos.

From a Surfeit occasion'd by Protestant Feasts,
From Sedition for Sawce, and Republicks for Guests,
With Treason for Grace-Cup, and Faction the rest,
Libera nos.

From the Conscience of Cits, resembling their Dames,
That in Publick are Nice, but in private so Tame,
That they'l not stick out for a Touch of that Same,
Libera nos.

From the blind Zeal of all Democratical Tools,
From *Whigland*, and all its Anarchical Rules,
Devised by Knaves, and Imposed on Fools,
Libera nos.

From the late Times Reviv'd, when Religion was (gain,
And Church-Plate was seiz'd for Reliques Prophane,
Since practic'd by Searching Sir *William* again,
Libera nos.

From such Reformation where Zealots begun,
To preach Heaven must by firm Bulwarks be won,
And *Te Deum* sung from the mouth of a Gun,
Libera nos.

From *Parliamentarians*, that out of their Love
And Care for His Majesty's Safety, wou'd prove
The securest way were His Guards to remove,
Libera nos.

From Sawcy PETITIONS, that serve to inflame us,
From all who for ASSOCIATION are famous,
From the Devil, the Doctor, and the Damn'd (IGNORAMUS.
Libera nos.

THE Norwich Litany.

DEfend us from all Popiſh Plots,
That ſo the People Pray;
And eke alſo from Treacherous *Scots*
As bad or worſe then they.

From Parliaments long Rumps and Tails
From Houſe of Commons Furies
Defend us eke from Proteſtant Flayls
And Ignoramus Jurys.

Protect us now and evermore
From a white ſheet and Proctor.
And from that noble Peer brought o're
The *Salamanca* Doctor.

A Doctor with a witneſs ſure
Both in his riſe and fall,
His Exit almoſt as Obſcure
As his Original.

Deſignes

Deſigns and Dangers far Remove
From this Diſtreſſed Nation,
And damn the Trayterous model of
The new Aſſociation.

And may the prick Ear'd party that
Have coyn Enough to Cupboard,
Forbear to ſhiver an Eſtate,
And ſplinters mount for *Hobart*.

From Sixteen ſelf conceited Peers
Protect our Soveraign ſtill,
And from the damn'd Petitioners
For the Excluſive Bill.

Guard Heav'n great *Charles* and his Eſtate
'Gainſt *Tony* upon *Tony*,
And from a Houſe of Commons that
Will give the King no Money.

From thoſe that did Deſign and Laugh
At *Tangier* in Diſtreſs
And were *Mahometans* worſe by half
Then all the *Moors* at *Fez*.

From ſuch as with Uſurping hand
Drive Princes to Extreams;
Confound all their Devices, and
Deliver *Charles* and *James*.

But

But may the Beauteous youth come home,
And do the thing that's fit,
Or I muſt tell that *Abſolom*
He has more Hair then Wit.

May he be wiſe, and ſoon Expel
Th' old Fox th' old fawning Elf;
The time draws nigh *Achitophel*
Will make away himſelf.

This Jury I've impanell'd here
Of honeſt Lines and true
Whom you'l I doubt at *Weſtminſter*
Find Ignoramus too.

THE

THE Loyall Litany.

FRom a new Modell'd Jesuit in a *Scotch* Bonnet,
With a Mass undersleeve, and a Covenant on it,
From *Irish* Sedition blown out of *French* Sonnet,
Libera nos Domine.

From conspiring at *Joes* and Cabballing at *Mews*,
From Sir *Guts* holy Tub of uncircumcis'd *Jews*
From Gibbet, and Halter which will be their Dues,
Libera nos.

From a Parliament Man rak'd out of the Embers,
From Knights that haunt Counters. and Lunatick
(Members,

From Presbyters *Januarys*, and Papists *Novembers*,
Libera nos.

From hugging a Witch and consulting the Devil,
From *Welch* Repermates which are somthing uncivil,
From the Touch of a *Scot* to cure the Kings Evil,
Libera nos.

From the Mutinous Clamours of such as raise Fears,
From those that wou'd set us together by the Ears,
Who still for the shipwrack of Monarchy stears,
Libera nos:

From

From Rebellion wrapt up in an humble petition,
From the crafty Intrigues of an old Politician,
From a *Geneva* Divine, and a *Staffords* Phyſitian,
Libera nos.

From ſerving great *Charles* as his Father before,
Diſinheriting *York* without why or wherefore,
And from ſuch as *Abſaloms* folly adore,
Libera nos.

From Denying the King that which is his Right,
From Caſhiering of Members for faults very Light,
From the Troubleſom Searches of a Monyleſs Knight,
Libera nos.

From Libelling the Government, and Actions of (Kings,
From Vindicating Sectaries in Illegal things,
From encouraging Faction which Rebellion brings,
Libera nos

From murmuring for ſending the Parliament home,
From chooſing Fanaticks to ſit in their Room,
That the Actions of Forty may not be out-don,
Libera nos.

From *Iriſh* Maſſacres by Papiſts don,
From Seditious Cut Throats which thing is all one,
From murthering the Father, and baniſhing the ſon,
Libera nos.

From ſhrouding all Villanies under the Cauſe,
From making us happy by giving Sword Laws,
From trampling oth' Mitre & Crown with applauſe,
Libera nos.

From

From Hunting the King and abjuring his Race,
From Cleanſers of Bungholes uſurping his place,
From preachers in Tubs that are void of all Grace,
Libera nos.
From Vulcans Treaſons late forg'd by the Fun,
From ſtarving of Mice to be Parliament Man,
From his Copper face thatout face all things can,
Libera nos.
From voting Lords uſeleſs, and dangerouſly ill,
From hanging of Biſhops for dropping the Bill,
From letting *Fanaticks* have too much their Will,
Libera nos.
From purging thehouſe to obſtruct our free Choice,
From Reſolving the King to oppoſe with one voice,
From ſuch that at Miſchief do daily Rejoyce
Libera nos.
From all the Seditious that love not the King,
From ſuch as a Civil war once more wou'd bring,
And Repenting with *Colledge* at laſt in a ſtring,
Libera nos.

THE

THE Last Will and Testament OF ANTHONY King of Poland.

MY Tap is run, then *Baxter* tell me why
Shou'd not the good the great *Potapski* die?
Grim death who lays us all upon our backs,
Instead of Sythe doth now advance his Ax.
And I who all my Life in Broyls have spent,
Intend at last to make a settlement.
Imprimis, for my Soul (tho' I had thought
To've left that thing I never minded, out)
Some do advise for fear of doing wrong,
To give it him to whom it doth belong.
But I who all mankind have cheated, now
Intend likewise to cheat the Devil too.
Therefore I leave my Soul unto my Son,
For he, as Wisemen think, as yet hath none.

Then

Then for my Polish Crown that pretty thing,
Let *Mon*——— take't, who longs to be a King.
His empty Head for nature did design,
For such a Light and Airy Crown as mine.
With my Estate, I'le tell you how it stands,
Jack Ketch must have my Cloathes, the K. my Lands,
Item. I leave the damn'd Association,
To all the wise Disturbers of the Nation.
Not that I think they'l gain their Ends thereby,
But that they may be hang'd as well as I.
Armestrong in Murders and in Whoring skill'd,
Who twenty Bastards gets, for one Man kill'd.
To thee I do bequeath my Brace of Whores,
Long kept to draw the Humours from my Sores.
For you they'l serve as well as Silver Tap,
For VVomen give, and sometimes cure a Clap.
How——*d* my partner in Captivity,
False to thy God and King, but true to me.
To thee some heinous Legacy I'de give,
But that I think thou hast not long to live.
Besides thou'st Wickedness enough in store,
To serve thy self, and Twenty Thousand more.
To thee (young *Gray*) I'd some small Toy present,
For you with any thing can be Content.
Then take the Knife with which I cut my Corns,
T'will serve to pare and sharp your Lordships Horns
That you may Rampant *Mon*——— push and gore,
Till he shall leave your house and change his Whore.

On

On top of Monument let my Head stand,
It self a Monument, where first began
The flame that has Endangered all the Land.

But first to *Rome* let my Ears be thrown,
For He 'tis thought will shortly lose his own.

I leave Old *Baxter* my Invenom'd Teeth,
To Bite and Poyson all the Bishops with.

My Squinting Eyes let Ignoramus wear,
That they may this way look, and that way swear.

Let the *Citts* take my Nose because 'tis said,
That by the Nose I them have always led.
But for their Wives I nothing now can spare,
For all my Life time they have had their share,
Let not my Quarters stand on *City* Gate,
Least they new Sects and Factions do create.
For certainly the Presbyterian VVenches,
In dirt will fall to Idolize my Haunches.
But, that I may to my old Friend be Civil,
Let some Witch make them Mummy for the Devil.

To good K. *Charles* I leave (tho faith, 'tis pity,)
A Poyson'd Nation, and deluded City.
Seditious Clamours, Murmurs, Jealousies,
False Oathes, sham storyes, and Religious Lyes.
*T*her's one thing still which I had quite forgot,
To him I leave the Carcass of my Plot.
In a Consumption the poor thing doth Lie,
And when I'm gon 'twill pine away, and die.

Let *Jenkings* in a *T*ub my worth declare,
And let my Life be writ by *Harry Care*.

And if my Bowels in the Earth find Room,
Then let these Lines be writ upon my Tomb.

An Epitaph upon his Bowels.

YE Mortal Whigs for death prepare,
For mighty Tapsky's Guts lie here:
Will his great Name keep sweet a y think?
For certainly his Entrals Stink.
Alas! 'tis but a Foolish pride
To curse all Mankind beside.
When such Illustrious Garbage must
Be mingled with the Common dust.
False Nature! that could thus delude
The Cheater of the Multitude.
That put his Thoughts upon the Wing,
And Egg'd 'em on to be a King.
See now to what an use she puts
His Noble great and little Guts.
Tapski who was a Man of Wit,
Had Guts for other uses fit.
Tho Fiddle strings they might not be,
(Because he hated Harmony)
Yet for Black Puddings they were good,
Their Master did delight in Blood.
Of this they shou'd have drank their fill,
(King Cyrus did not fare so ill)
Poor Guts, cou'd this have been your hap,
Sh'rif Bethel might have got a Snap.
But now at York his Guts must rumble,
Since you into a hole did Tumble.

A Codecil

To the Former WILL

Added in *HOLLAND* where he Dyed *January*, 20th. 1682.

MOurn! *England* Mourn! Let not thy griefs be feign'd,
The Tap so long upon the Lees is Drain'd.
The cringing Atlas of the State and Church
Is faln, and left his proselites ith' Lurch.
Alas! what will become oth' Reformation?
The Popish Plots, and Blank Association?
Our Rights and Liberty's and good old Cause,
Patch'd Juryes, and th' Ignoramus Laws?
What will become oth' Saints in Tribulation
If *Tory* Loyalty comes into Fashion?
The *Salamanca* Doctor must take Post,
If *Tompson* and *Lestrange* must rule the Rost,
And *Monkey Care*, *Gotham*, and Sniveling *Dick*,
Must from rhe *Hague* e'en follow to old *Nick*.
In vain we strive to shun th' appointed Fate
That on the Knave as well as Fool does Wait.
Tho I (said he) have drawn Infectious Breath,
And liv'd this Sixty years in spight of Death.

Had I been Hang'd but half those years agon,
Less Treason had Ensu'd, less Mischief don.
But as there is an Evil Genius Wise,
On private Men, so there's on publick States,
The universal Temper of Mankind,
That always in the Ditch will lead the Blind,
Of Sin and Faction the Alloted Bane,
And for that very Cause has leave to Reign,
Els *Belzebub* long since I'de been thy due,
But that he fear'd I shou'd Supplant him too.
Thus like the Devil I was made a Curse
To all Mankind; My Lord and Master worse,
Betray'd like *Judas* while I kept the Purse.

Yet still in every state I walk'd secure,
Grave with the King, and jocund with the Whore.
And never did one Lucky Mischief Vow,
But Grateful Lawrells still adorn'd my Brow.
In every state have so successfull been,
As if Success was the Reward of Sin.
And all this while not the Severest Law
Cou'd find me Guilty tho' they found a Flaw.
Still by my Art or Ignoramus Friends,
I Guiltless seem'd, and still pursu'd my ends,
For what was all the Specious pretence,
Of Subjects right, and safety of the Prince?
Religion, Liberty, Association?
But to betray all and Enslave the Nation?
Which by so many Wiles I did Inthrall,
Whilst the blind Rabble worship'd me as *Baal*.

But

But now the Mist is Vanished from their Eyes,
They see my Crimes threw all their thick Disguise.
(Tho' for the Saints and Brethren I dare say
I could have kept in Ignorance to this day.)
Once Sons of Light, but now the Saints are blind,
VVhile Torys Janus like have Eyes behind.
Thus all my Shams discover'd I poor I
VVas forc'd altho' my wings were clipt to fly,
Nay tho' no legs I had, my Gate was fleet,
Oblig'd to Travel tho' I wanted Feet,
From Justice (all my Crimes laid at my Door)
Found Pow'r to run, who could not crawl before.
Old and Decrepid, gouty Toes, scar'd Shins,
Turn *Pilgrim* in my Dotage for my Sins.
My Strength and Action gon, I fly the Stage
VVith all the Frailtyes that attends on Age.
And nothing left me but the Constant VVill
And Natural Inclination to do ill.
Glad to sham off with all my Vanquish'd hope
To save that Neck that would disgrace a Rope.
My Hopes are fled, let Death wind up the Charm
Life's but a plague if I can do no harm.
Our Canting words no longer will prevail,
Our Liberty and Property's grown stale.
The Rights and Privileges of the Nation,
The like Cast Suits, when Loyalty's in fashion,
Our Plots and Perjurys will do no more,
Our Slavery and Arbitrary Power
Are with my Banish'd left thrown out of Door.

What now Remains but that this Tap should burst,
Who can do more that has e'en done his worst?
That the prov'd Foe Rejoyce not in my fall.
Now Heart break Heart and base Catch and all,
But ere I Fall a Victim tho' too late,
In a vile Nation to a Viler Fate,
I thus bequeath the Remnant of my Estate.
My former Will as Fates Decretals stands,
But something's due unto the Netherlands
For their Civiltyes Since here I Fled,
Foul Napkins, Stinking Fish, and Mouldy Bread.
To th' *States* because they are a freeborn Nation
I do bequeath my New Association.
That perfect Model of true Anarchy,
And Charm against all Monarch Tyranny.
Tho' to live here had it so pleas'd the Fates,
I had been King or th' Devil had had the States.
My heart with Faction flam'd that source of Evil,
I leave to my old Club that Haunts the Devil,
As fickle and as false, as is their own
Sworn Enemy to all that sways the Throne.
My Lungs my *Ignoramus* Frienps are yours,
But for my Lights I leave 'em to the *Bores*
To blow the Bellows of each new Sedition
On any Change of Faction or Religion.
I leave my Brains to that Incestuous Crew,
The Lordly Tribe who lofty Treasons Brew.
Those hot brain'd fiery *Catalines* of State,
Who their own and the Nations Ills create,
And will I fear like me, Repent too late,

To

To *Bethel* and his Brethren I Resign
The Ax which Baffled Fate predestin'd mine,
To do that Execution they would bring
On Monarcy and an Indulgent King.

To th' *Salamanca* Beagle of the Plot,
I leave a Holter as his proper Lot
For his ill management (while Fools connived)
Of an ill Plot that was so well contriv'd.

And lastly to these Friends who were at strife,
Loosing themselves to save a wretched Life,
I do Bequeath my Sledg as the just Fee
Of their accumulated Perjury.
You the Trustees of this my Dying Will,
If you in Villany wou'd prosper still,
Besure you justly every point fulfil.

SHAFTSBURYS FAREWELL

OR

The Association.

GReatest of Men, yet Mans least friend farewell,
VVits mightiest but most useless Miracle.
VVhere Nature all her Richest Treasures stor'd,
To make one vast unprofitable Hoard.
So high as thine no Orb of fire cou'd rowl,
The Brightest, yet the most Excentick Soul;
VVhom midst wealth, Honour, Fame, yet want of Ease,
No power cou'd e're oblige, no state cou'd please.
Be in thy grave with peaceful slumbers blest,
And find thy whole Life's only stranger, REST.
Oh *Sh----ry* had thy prodigious Mind
Been to thy self and thy great Master kind.
Glory had wanted Lungs thy Toomb to blow,
And *Pyramids* had been a Tomb too low.
Oh that the VVorld (Great Statesmen) e're shou'd see
Nebucadnezzars Dream fullfil'd in thee!
VVhilst such low Paths led thy great Soul away,
Thy Head of Gold mov'd but on Feet of Clay.
Yes, from Rebellions late Inhumane Rage,
The Crimes and Chaos of that Monstrous Age.

As

As the old *Patriarch* from *Sodom* Flew,
So to great CHARLES his Sacred Bosom Thou;
But oh! with more then *Lots* Wifes fatal Fault,
For which she stood in Monumental salt.
Tho' the Black scene thy hasting Footstep flyes,
Thy Soul turns back and looks with longing eyes.
Oh rolled Year! that the Records of fame
Shou'd give *Erothratus* and Thee one name.
Great was his bold Atchievment, Greater Thine,
Greater as Kings then Shrines are more Divine.
Greater as Vaster Toils it did Require
To inflame three Kingdoms, that one Temple fire.
But where are all those blustering storms Retir'd,
That roar'd so loud when *Oliver* Expir'd?
Storms that rent Oaks, and Rocks asunder broke,
And at his Exequies in Thunder Spoke?
Was there less Cause when thy last doom was given
To waken all the Revellers of Heaven?
Or did there want in *Beligias* humble Soil,
A Cedar fit to fall thy Funerall pile?
No: Die, and Heaven th' Expence of Thunder save,
Husk'd as thy own designs down to Thy Grave.
So husk'd may all the portents of the sky
With thee our last great Comets Influence Die,
May this one stroke our lowring Tempests Clear,
And all the Fiery Trigon finish here.
With thee Expire the *Democratick* Gall,
Thy Sepulchre and *Lethe* swallow all.

Here

Here ends the Poiſon of that Viperous Brood,
And make thy Urn like *Moſes* wond'rous Rod,
So may our Breaches cloſe in thy one Grave,
Till *Sh*------*r*'s laſt breath three Nations ſave.
And Dying thus t'avert his Countrys Doom,
Go with more Fame then *Curtius* to his Tomb,
But is he Dead! How! cruel *Belgia* ſay!
Lodg'd in thy Arms, yet make ſo ſhort a ſtay!
Ungrateful Country, Barbarous *Holland* ſhoar,
Cou'd the *Batavian* Climat do no more!
Her *Sh*------*r*'s dear Life no longer ſave!
What a Republick Air! And yet ſo quick a Grave!
Oh! all ye ſcatter'd Sons of *Titan* Weep,
This Diſmal day with ſolemn Mourning keep,
Like *Iſraels* Moulten Calf your Medall burn,
And into Tears your great Lætemur Turn.
Oh! wail in duſt to think how Fates dire frown,
Has Thrown your dear *Herculean* Column down.
Oh! *Charon* waft thy load of Miſchiefs o're,
And land him ſafly on the *Stygian* ſhore.
At his Approach *James* loudeſt Trumpet call,
Cromwell, *Cook*, *Ireton*, *Bradſhaw*, *Hewſon*, all,
From all the Courts below, each well pleas'd Ghoſt,
All the Republick Legions, Numerous Hoſt,
Swarm thick to ſee your mighty *Hero* Land,
Crow'd up the ſhoar and blacken all the *Strand*;
And, what e're Chance on Earth, or Powers accurſt,
Broke all your Bands, your holy Leagues all burſt,
This union of the SAINTS no ſtorm ſhall ſever,
This laſt ASSOCIATION holds for ever.

The

THE

RECOVERY.

YET once more Peace turns back her head to ſmile,
And take ſome pitty on our ſtubborn Iſle,
She and her Siſter Truth, now hand in hand,
Return to Viſit our forſaken Land,
I ſee, I ſee! Oh *Albion* help the ſight,
TRUTH long eclipſ'd, lift up her Sacred Light,
And chaſe away thoſe obſcene Birds of Night.
Th' ill-boding Scritch-owl we ſo long did fear,
Hovering above in our thicken'd Air,
Whoſe fatal note was never heard, but Death
Follow'd th' Infernal Evidencing Breath.
Hail Lovely Truth! Oh ſpred thy Rays Divine,
And let thy dawning Beams more fully ſhine,
Already thy glad Inference we find,
And all now ſee, but they who will be blind,
They ſee whilſt thou holds up thy guiding Light,
The dangerous Errours of the former Night,
A Night which all our Heaven did invade,
By the Dire skill of State *Magicians* made.
In a dark Cell the Wayward Brothers Met,
Ith' midſt there was a Chair for Satan ſet,
Which in his abſence------ ----
A little wither'd Conjurer ſupply'd,
And all his Imps drank Venom from his ſide,

His

His word was (then he out his Tap did pluck.)
Come my young Pugs of Treason, come and suck.
This Hellish Rite perform'd to work they go,
To raise up Darkness from the shades below,
Thick Mists of popular fears, and Jealousies,
Did at the Necromantick Call arise,
And in black Clouds hid all the Brittish Skies.
Here first their unskil'd Sp'rits their Visions play'd,
And learn'd their Message to the *Hatfield* Maid,
Here first were rais'd the wondring World to feare
The Armies *Harris* muster'd in the Air.
But now the Charms dissolv'd, and *England* free
From the Enchantment does its madness see,
Sees its vain fears of that expected Day,
No Royal Bloud, stain'd the Fifteenth of *May*,
Prevailing Truth has open'd Brittains Eyes,
And Folly seen, begins to make her wise.
Oh! Let us then unite, let Faction cease,
Nor think Confusion is the way of Peace,
That Schism must the Churches fall prevent.
And breaking Laws, secure the Government,
Let Traytors to expected Tryal come,
And from the Mouth of Justice hear their Doom,
Tis so, He's gon where Justice does maintain
Her Seat in Peace, nor bears the Sword in vain,
No Hackney Speakers there o're Law prevail,
To Conquer thee by telling of a tale,
Nor Factious, nor guilty Lords appear,
To blunt that Sword whole Edge they justly fear.

No

No Garter blew nor Star that Court can awe,
That Star which did long since its Beams withdraw,
Nor at the Tryal can its Light dispence,
To Cherish Treason with its Influence.
Here all in vain strives Councellor and Lord,
Where the Revenging Goddess speaks the word,
Nor can Confession turn aside the Blow,
From Criminals that own that they are so,
Had this been done long since 't had sav'd the guilt
Of so much Bloud so prodigally spilt,
VVhile certain Villany did hurry hence,
To unjust Death suspected Innocence.

But Justice now is this Triumphant scene,
Thy shame does end, and Triumph doth begin,
All this to thy Defender *Charles* is due,
Who now with the his Glorys does Renew,
Already with fresh Beams the Crown does shine,
Power Sacred grows, and Majesty Divine,
His mighty Scepters in his hand held fast,
Nor like a Deed is bent with every blast.

Hold, hold Great *Charles*, this Resolution hold,
And in thy own, and Countrys Cause be bold,
Whatever of this mighty Body thou,
The Head, Resolvest, we thy hands will do,
Dare to be happy, and to make us so.

How great is Majesty, and how August,
How Godlike when 'tis Resolutely just?
Then 'tis that willing Subjects gladly meet,
To throw their Lives before their Monarchs Feet,

Then

There 'tis their Fortunes they before him lay,
Sue to be Rul'd and Glory to Obey;
Such *Charles* is now thy State, and such the Train
Of those that now petition thee to Reign,
See ev'n thy Prodigal Son does now desire,
To leave his Husk, and Swine, and *Wapping* mire,
In which so long he wallow'd up and down.
Known to each dirty Kennel in the Town.
And to his Injur'd Father and his Lord,
Wou'd by his much wrong'd Uncle be restor'd,
How well have *W*--------*ms*, *Jones*, and *W*---*ton*,
B----*ch*, *G*----*rd*, *T*----*by*, their great Duty don?
How have they taught the People to Repent
Their Zeal for their great Idol Parliament,
How have they shewn the Arbitrary Way
That Monster took to make us all its Prey!
They to loose all, claim'd more then was their Right,
And stretch'd their Pow'r only to break it quite,
These, these are they who have true Service done,
Meriting their secret favours from the Crown,
These, these have made a Dissolution be,
Not VVisdom only, but Necessity.
These thus remov'd our Jealousies and Fears,
VVere ever such deserving Pensioners?
Then *Charles*, since all things now conspire to bless
Thy graceful Age with Conquest and success,
Begin, Resolve, and venture to be great,
Nor over-throw those vast designs of Fate.
Begin at home, purge thine own house, and Free
From Villains *T*ongues the Ears of Majesty.

ON THE

Kings Deliverance

AT

NEWMARKET.

I.

SO Weapons prosper which are form'd 'gainst Heaven,
Or it is Vice grant Heavens peculiar Care.
To whom are more then Vulgar Blessings given,
And fire has sav'd whom men more Cruel would not spare.
Some greater Genius him defends,
By mighty means for mighty ends,
And makes his Foes his Footstool be,
Or (what his Goodness more Delights to see)
Makes them his Friends:

II.

Nor do we more Congratulate,
The present safety of the State,
Then future peace which we anticipate.
Now Treasonous Arts are so Expos'd to view,
The Plots as soon as hatch'd are blasted too.

Popery

Popery's coming in they well might cry,
Whose Methods wou'd fulfill the Prophesy.
Nor did they cheat the World who took such pain,
The Jealosyes they rais'd shou'd not be vain.
First Arbitrary power must down,
Meaning the Crown.
Then must some Ministers be in Disgrace,
Because a Rebel wants his place.
More Liberty the People crave,
Yet know not how to use that which they have.
Next that Mens Propertyes secur'd must bee,
They'l made the King a Property,
What Monstrous Blessings wou'd a Change create,
Might Atheists mend the Church, and Knaves the State.

But shall we twice be gull'd by one pretence?
With one Allegiance have we lost 'em since?
These very Tricks ruin'd us once before,
Curse of such Arts which now are Arts no more.

III.

All that is envi'd still attend the Throne,
And him that sits Theron.
But when these Earthly Gods shall dye like Men,
Let only Nature then
(Nature the Rule of him by whom Kings Reign)
Appoint who next shall grace and truth Maintain.
May Names of Matchless *Heroes* of this Race,
Distinguish happy times till time it self shall cease.

FINIS.